Saturday Review

July 22, 1967 35¢

Saint Jerome With Two Female Saints, by Andrea del Castagno

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FLORENCE: MENDING DAMAGED TREASURES

By Katharine Kuh

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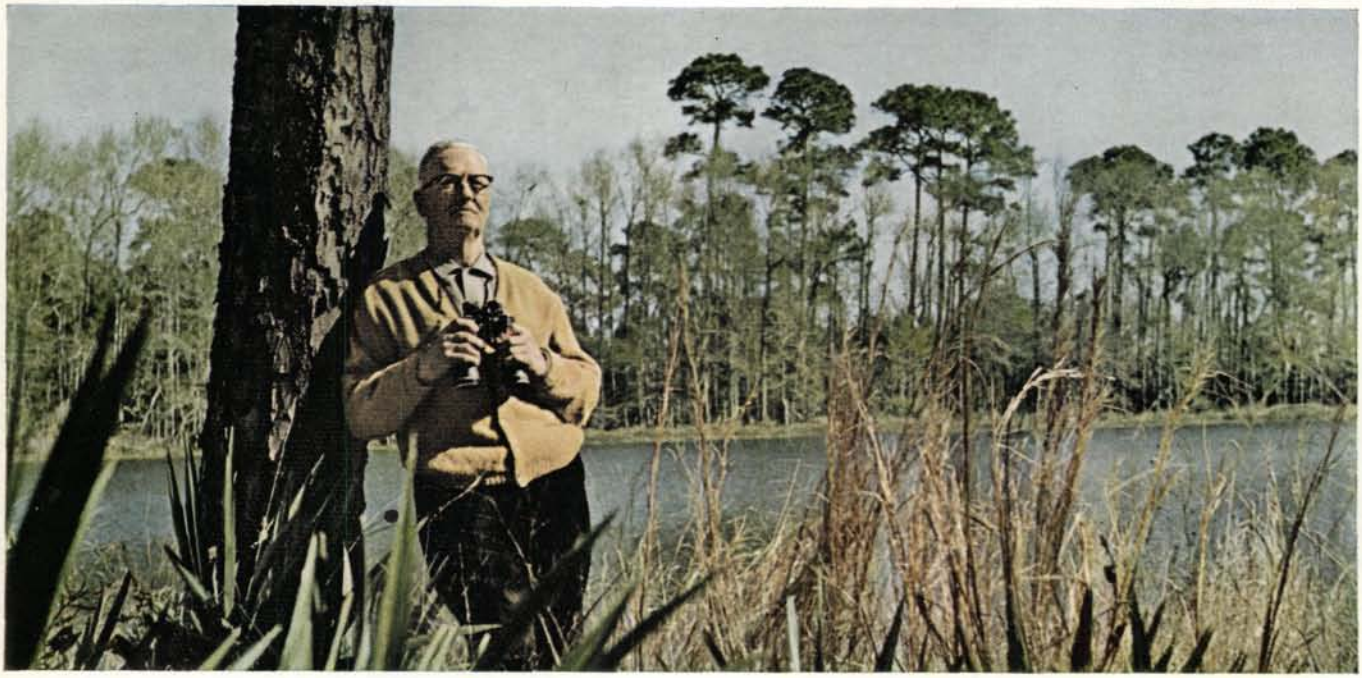
The man who moved the earth so you could hear the birds sing



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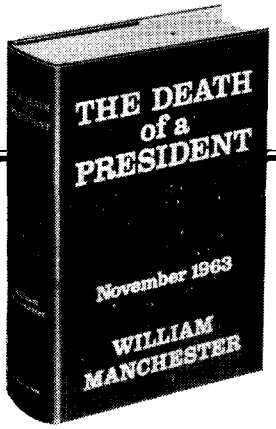

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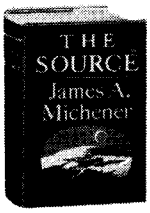

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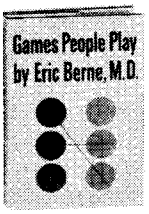

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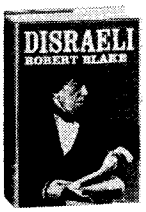

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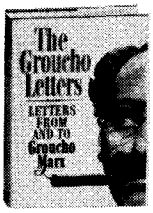

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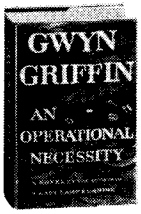

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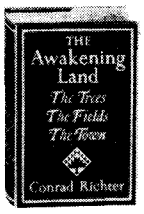

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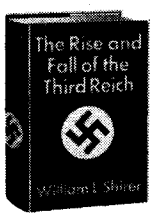

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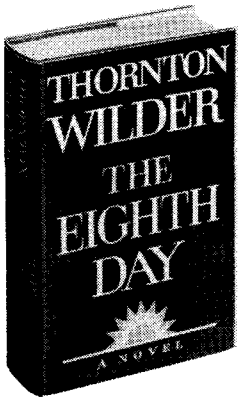

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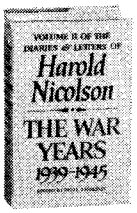

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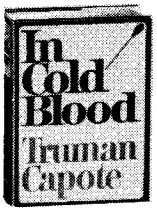

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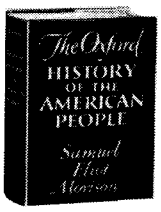

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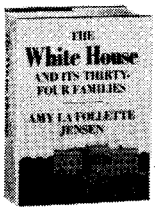

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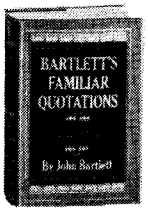

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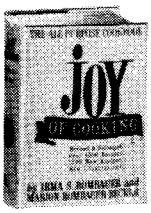

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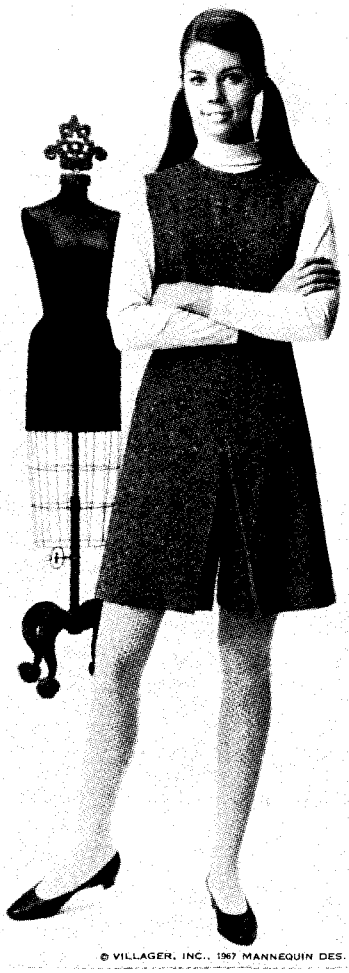

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DOUBLEDAY

Saturday Review

July 22, 1967

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Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Director of Promotion and Research, Stephen E. Silver; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations, Vol. L, No. 29, July 22, 1967. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1967 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages), without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.**
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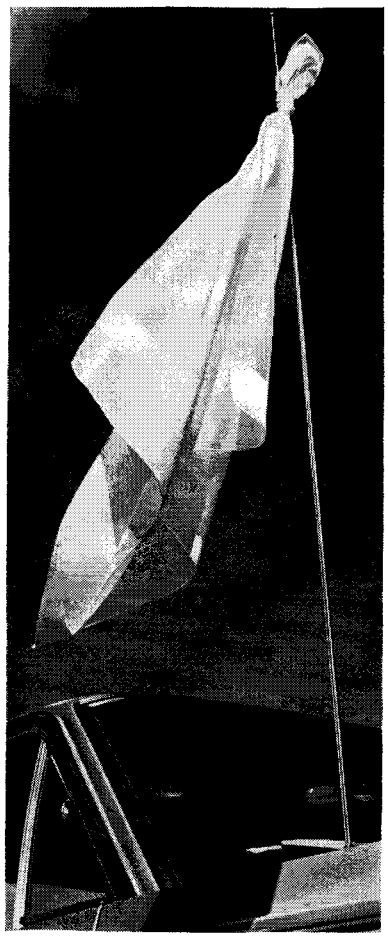

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City and Country

Identity, Crises of

Pity the young. They are sorely troubled. This world
is not of their choosing, not at all to their liking.
They suffer from acne and alienation. They stand
at the mirror and try on faces: anger, ennui,
hauteur. They ask "Who am I?" Nobody bothered to meet them at the door of the womb
with ID cards and the necessary introductions.
Pity the young.
Don't pity the old. Whose fault is it
if they don't know all or any of the answers,
if now, at seventy, they have to ask the newspapers:
"What does it say in the obituary? Who was I?"

—Ted Olson.

After Glassboro, What?

IF GLASSBORO deplored the world spotlight and objected to the armies of reporters, it will not be these, in the long run, that the citizens will have cause to regret. They are fleeting invasions. Spotlights are switched off; newspapermen leave. What has laid a curse on Glassboro is that now, irrevocably, the town has become a place-word.

The development of place-words is not, of course, a new thing. But in the historic past a place-word usually derived from a battle. Waterloo and Bull Run are good examples. Indeed, there was scarcely any other way of referring to such conflicts—and their memorable consequences—than by tagging them with the names of the unimportant villages they happened to be nearest to. In modern times, and on less warlike occasions, there have been descriptive alternatives, but the communications media simply can't be bothered to use them. Hence, Locarno, Dunkirk, Yalta, Cliveden, and Fort Knox.

One thing is common to place-words. They are formed from localities that have got to be obscure or small, but preferably both. A metropolis simply couldn't qualify. You can't say "after Paris" as you would say "after Bretton Woods." You can't say, "We are heading for another Ottawa" or, "They met their Madrid."

But there is something else common to place-words. Once the event has occurred they are never quoted in any other context. If anything happened at Dunkirk before the evacuation, or has happened since, somebody had better tell us. Locarno must be the one town in Switzerland that none of my holidaying friends ever seems to mention. As for Lake Success, I don't know to this day whether anyone sails boats on it, or whether it's safe to bathe there.

It must be admitted that a new place-word was becoming overdue, and now we can expect the communicators to make the most of their chance. Glassboro will be flashed before our eyes and hammered into our eardrums for years to come. The Road from Glassboro . . . Another Glassboro? . . . Why Glassboro Failed (Succeeded?).

Actually, the people of Glassboro, if they hadn't been caught napping, could have taken a lesson from history and buried the name of their town under some hasty pageantry. They might have temporarily cleared their library shelves of the hardcover wisdom of many countries and many centuries, and welcomed the distinguished visitors under a huge arch of erudition. It could have been the Campus Confab, the Textbook Summit, or some other eye-catcher, and the newspapermen and radio and television commentators would have seized it without a second's hesitation.

Farfetched? All right—hands up, anyone who can pinpoint the Field of the Cloth of Gold. —Frank Littler.

3x Streisand plus 4y Met Equals—?

WHEN I was a growing boy I loved quadratic equations with their problems of x number of men rowing upstream against a current of y miles an hour and how much time would it take twice as many men to row back if the boat's weight were increased by the addition of four hunting dogs and the current's speed had doubled after heavy rains in the mountains.

I can scarcely describe the pleasure such problems gave me, but in time I exhausted the supply, and as the years passed I even forgot how to solve them, retaining nothing save the memory of my boyish delight in working out the solutions. Now and then a commonplace sight—bricklayers at work, a railroad track gang, stevedores loading a freighter, or streetcleaners sweeping up tickertape and torn paper after a parade on lower Broadway—would suggest to me a problem in quadratic equations, but as I had forgotten all I had once known I could hardly hope to construct a problem.

This lapse from knowledge to ignorance gave me no concern, and I think I would have gone on in blissful indifference had it not been for certain events that took place in New York in the spring and summer of 1967.

On the evening of Wednesday, June 28, a man named Jack Goodman, a New York City Parks Department official, estimated that 35,000 persons were gathered on the Sheep Meadow in Central Park to hear the Metropolitan Opera's concert version of *La Bohème*. (The Met estimate was 70,000.)

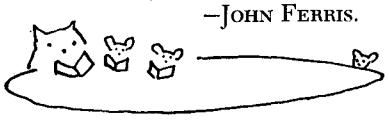
Mr. Goodman was questioned by Howard Klein, a music critic of *The New York Times*, about the crowd and the litter problem. Mr. Goodman, who apparently is an expert in the field, pushed back his green uniform cap (a traditional gesture usually accompanied by head scratching) and squinted. Turning back to Mr. Klein, he said the concert's debris would be cleaned up next day between 8 a.m. and 1 p.m.—a mere five hours. To expedite the work, he went on, twenty-five men would be added to the normal complement of twenty, and more trucks would be used.

To Mr. Goodman, cleaning up after *Bohème* was obviously a simple operation, and I was sorry Mr. Klein didn't try to get a litter estimate on Puccini's *Tosca* which would follow soon; but it was evident that Mr. Goodman wished to stick to known facts. Only eleven days earlier, on June 17, a crowd of 135,000 had attended a Barbra Streisand recital on the Sheep Meadow and had left behind so much trash and garbage that an outsized work force had taken three days to get rid of it.

Suddenly, as I read on, I began to see the city's cultural events as problems in trash removal and potential quadratic equations. But how could I recast these figures? Could it be stated in this way: If a Barbra Streisand audience of 135,000 left three tons of trash and garbage that required x men to work three days of y hours each with m trucks, how much garbage did one man handle? Or, if a *Bohème* audience one-quarter the size of the Streisand audience left piles of litter requiring forty-five men and xy trucks five hours to cart it away, how much dirtier per person were the Streisand fans who had the services of x plus y men plus xyz trucks, etc?

It was no use. I couldn't frame the problem. But I know one thing: The city is slowly forging a new instrument to measure culture by the litter left behind.

—John Ferris.



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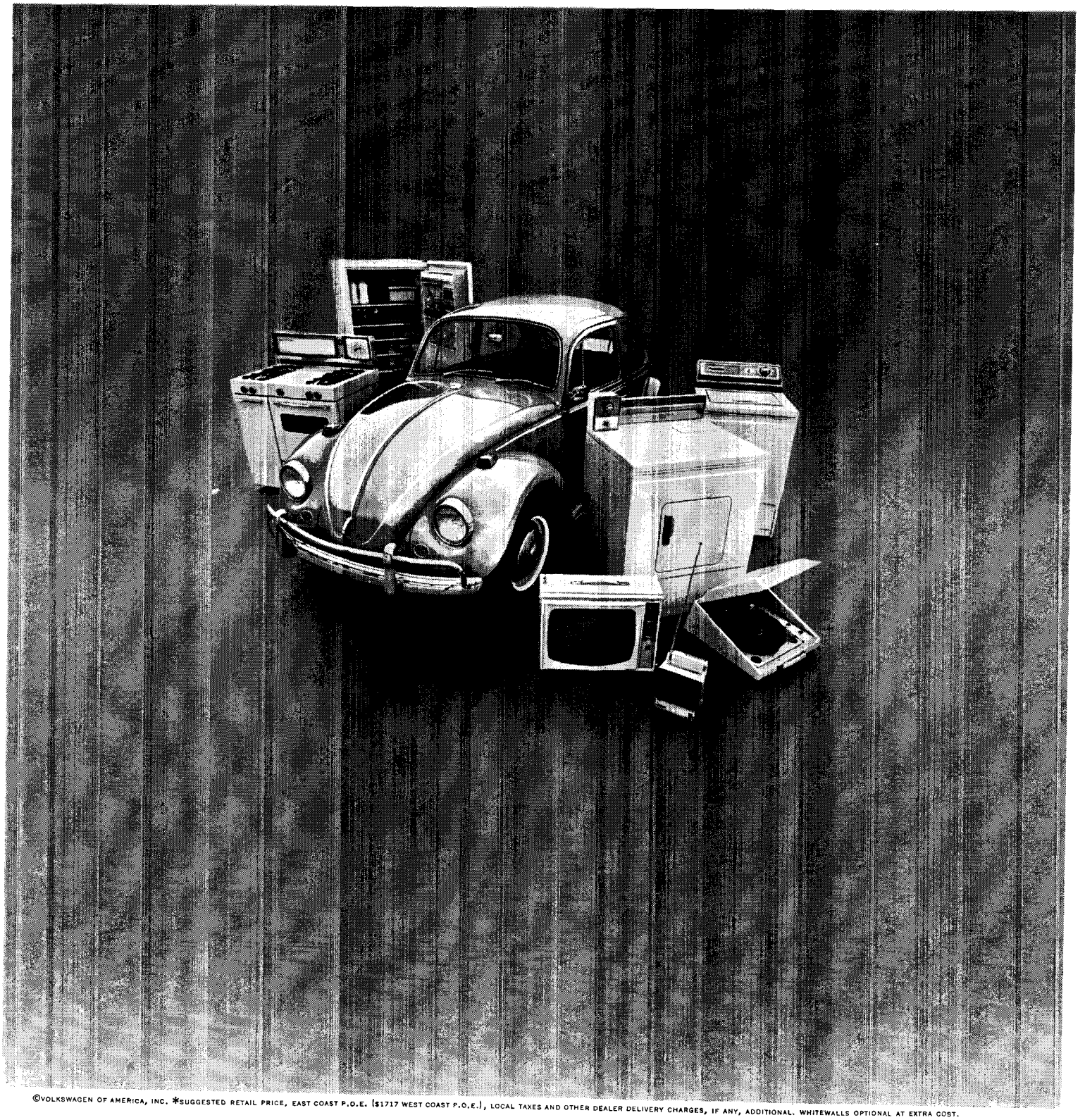

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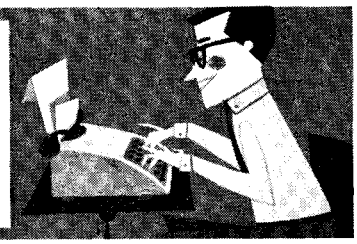
Top of My Head



All the Nudes that Fit the Print

AT THE RATE that newspapers are going out of business, it was predictable that paper manufacturers would be looking for a new end-product that paper can be turned into. And so we now have paper dresses.

Curiously, the paper dress did not spring full-blown from a sudden stroke of genius. The scientists in their laboratories had been testing the tensile strength of a sheet of paper on both mice and men. The exciting story of how the paper dress evolved can now be told.

After the consolidation of the New York *Herald Tribune*, the *World Telegram* and the *Journal American* had failed, a crisis top-secret meeting was called by the Forest Trees Paper Company. There, in a conference room in its mill on the banks of the Logjam River in Maine, the leader arose and announced: "Gentlemen, we are up the creek."

A hush fell over the room at the Forest Trees Paper Company as the harried board members gazed reverently at their slogan on the wall: "Only God Can Make Some Paper."

"It is up to us," continued the leader, "to come up with some new gimmick—a new stance from which we can go peddle our paper. Something that will appeal to men. The question is simply: 'What will appeal to men?' "

One particularly nervous board member shouted "Women."

The director rapped for order.

"These are crucial times—times that try men's souls. I will rephrase the question: 'What will appeal to men that will be disposable?' "

Another board member with a personal problem was on his feet. "Women," he shouted.

No matter how the question was phrased and rephrased the salvation of these East Coast Paul Bunyans pointed to women. And so the first paper dress was evolved—a spinoff from the original figleaf.

And that's how there recently opened in the fun garden of the City of New York a shop called Indispensable Disposables.

Its proprietors are two men in their twenties, Mr. Harry Guggenheim III and Mr. Stephan Allen. He must be the first. It doesn't say. The price range of their paper dresses is $5 to $10. Their sales point is that if a dress gets soiled it can be thrown away, because the price of cleaning would obviously be higher than the purchase price.

There is another point in favor of paper dresses which can be torn up and thrown away. I have yet to meet a woman who has enough closet space. A practical ten-room apartment to a woman is a bedroom with nine walk-in closets. There is an abiding fear among women that dresses hanging in cramped closets suffer horribly from claustrophobia.

Dresses are not the only apparel being shown at this shop. There are also displays of beachwear, loungewear, discothèque fashions, and an array of bikinis — "in vivid colors," says the brochure. These, of course, are made from the funny-paper part of what used to be a section of a Sunday newspaper.

This surge to paper clothing has had reverberations among the manufacturers of cloth. The word is that, at a recent crisis meeting, the cloth people decided to begin hush-hush experiments of their own. And we are not to be surprised if one day we are handed a nylon dollar bill, or a gingham five, or a satin ten-spot, or a cashmere fifty.

The paper-dress fad, they say, is sweeping the country. And if it gets out of hand, vice versa. Of course, as in all transcendent inventions, there will be mockery and derision. Not that men will be standing on the corner watching all the girls go by, and shout "Get a horse." But there will be the attendant dialogue:

"What's new in the paper today?"

"Well, my wife, for one thing."

And if you think some of the news we've been reading in the paper lately is bad, wait till you see the women who shouldn't be wearing paper dresses.

There was one department I wasn't able to find at this new dress shop. I think they've overlooked a good bet in a paper maternity dress. Certainly, a gown not too often worn by a woman or for too long a time. Unless she happens to be Ethel Kennedy. And think of the money Senator Bobby alone would save.

I think women will go for paper maternity dresses in a large way. As Barnum once said, "There's one born every minute." So why not? It's conceivable.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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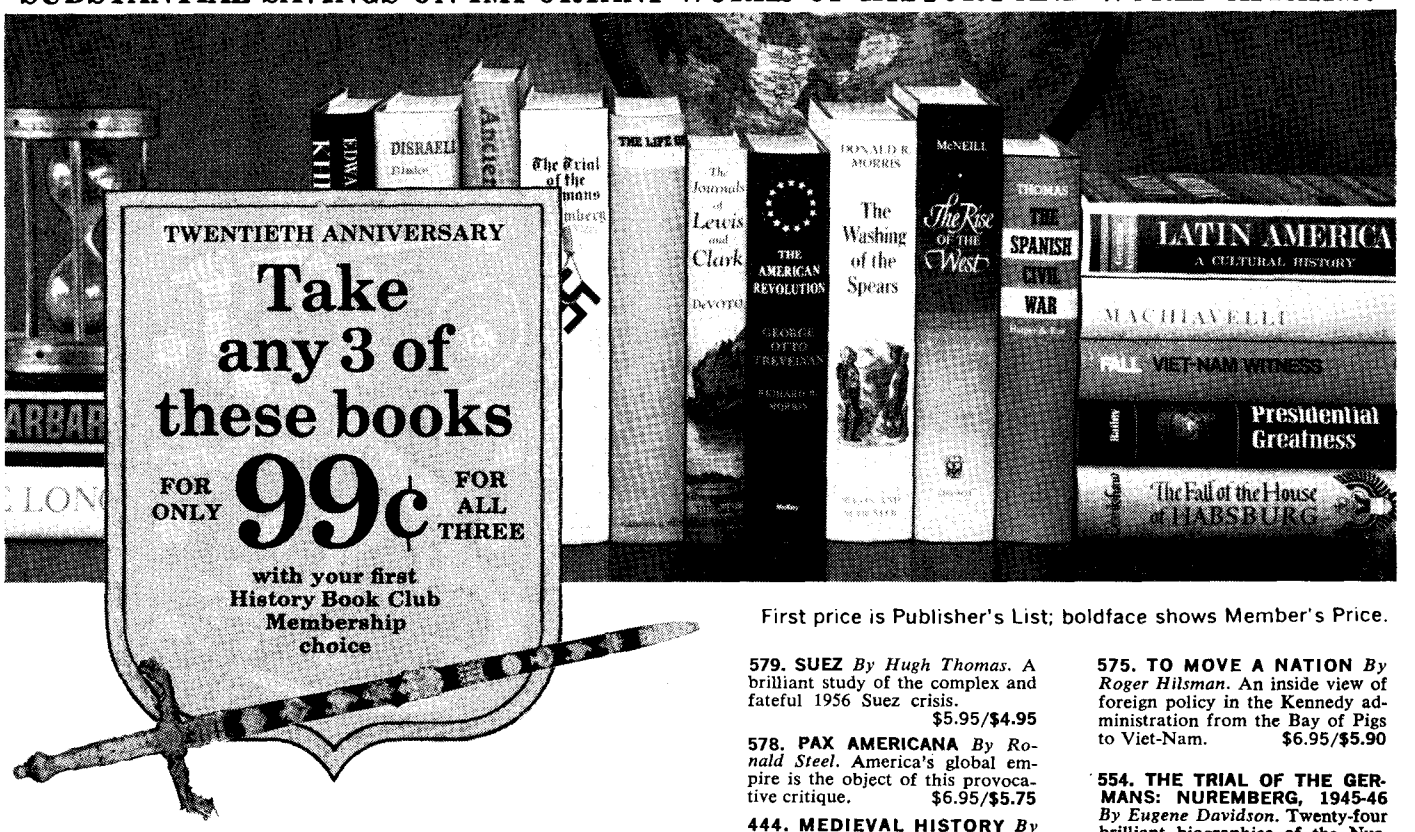

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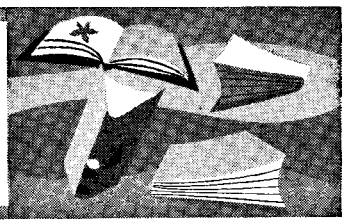
Trade Winds



Here's a two-way radio conversation, recorded the other day by Zel Levin of WWON, between a news photographer out on a story and his city editor back at the office of the Woonsocket, Rhode Island, *Call*:

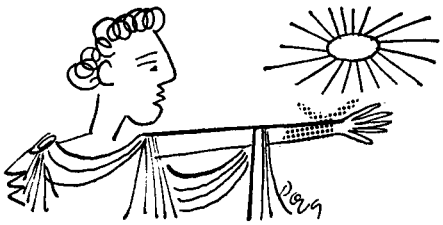
PHOTOGRAPHER: "Eddie, this is Norm. I've taken the crowd picture, but there's a lost child standing all alone in front of the bank. Shall I take him too?"

CITY EDITOR: "Is he crying?"

PHOTOGRAPHER: "Wait a minute, I'll take another look. (Pause.) Yes, he's crying."

CITY EDITOR: "Take the picture."

I can tell you how history is made, or I should say, "made up." Back in 1961 I repeated here what I thought was a joke about Alexander the Great and his invention of the first wristwatch. It consisted of a chemically treated cloth worn on the left forearm. Under the heat of the sun, the cloth changed colors each hour. It was known as "Alexander's Rag Timeband."



Since then my anecdote has become an integral part of the lore of a fairly new science known as "photochromism." Last year, an issue of *Product Engineering* defined it as "the reversible change in the color of a substance when it is exposed to radiant energy, such as light." That magazine seriously told how Alexander had started it all, but the article carefully left out the punch line of the joke. It was irrelevant, apparently.

In the *Journal of the Canadian Ceramic Society* a treatise on "Photochromic Silver Halide Glasses" gave full credit to the Macedonian conqueror: "It is recorded that Alexander the Great discovered a substance . . . (etc.) . . . This became known as Alexander's rag timeband.[2]" That footnote adds class to it, as does the judicious use of the phrase "it is recorded," which was also the wording in a piece on photochromism in a journal called *Spectrum*. Here we not only find Alexander's claim to scientific fame cemented more firmly, but we are witness to how history can be improved! An authentic, homey touch has been added: The cloth was "torn from the edge of his tunic."

The most recent reference to the subject was in a February 1967 issue of *Chemical and Engineering News*. Of more interest is that the glass research center of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company has traced the spread of the story back to the beginning. Volume I of a textbook, *Advances in Photochemistry*, by R. Dessauer and J. P. Paris, published in 1963, goes into the matter in scientific depth:

"Early observations of photochromic systems include ter Meer's potassium salt of dinitroethane (9) and Phipson's gate post painted with photochromic lithopone pigment (10). Application of photochromic materials was first exploited by Alexander the Great . . . (etc.) . . . Among historians it is known as Alexander's Rag Timeband (8)."

And footnote No. 8 refers to our original paragraph in the August 5, 1961, TRADE WINDS. As I said, we make up history here!

Speaking of that, perhaps I should point out that I did very poorly in American history in school, which explains why I goofed when I reported on my interview with author Allen W. Eckert [TRADE WINDS, June 24]. Mr. Eckert's research shows to his satisfaction that Andrew Jackson was born at sea, twelve years earlier than most records indicate. I concluded that Jackson was not eligible to be President, as the Constitution requires that "a natural-born citizen" hold the office. That was silly, because it would mean that even George Washington wasn't eligible, having been born

in England. The answer is that citizenship began with the adoption of the Constitution, and anyone who was a citizen then was also eligible. As for the arguments about Jackson's true birthdate, dissenters from Eckert's view will have to take it up with him, c/o Little, Brown & Company, Boston, Massachu-

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setts. I say that so people will stop asking me for the proof.

Every time David Stern Loeb of Philadelphia uses his handsome, English-made carving knife with its foot-long, inch-wide blade, he recalls the circumstances of its purchase. He entered the cutlery shop of Hill & Son in London and asked for such a knife, for carving roast beef.

"Sorry, sir," the clerk replied, "we don't have anything like that."

As Mr. Loeb was leaving the shop he spotted the very knife he wanted, in a showcase near the window. He called the clerk's attention to it.

"That, sir," he said, "is a cold joint slicer."

"Couldn't it be used for hot joints?" asked Mr. Loeb.

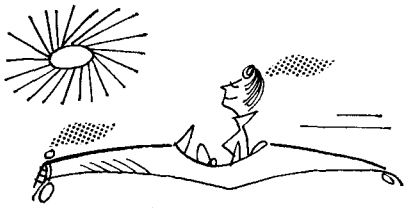
"I suppose it could, but it just isn't done."

Sharps and Flats: The first biography of one of our greatest Revolutionary heroes, and an almost forgotten man, has been written by A. L. Todd. It is *Richard Montgomery: Rebel of 1775.* Sixteen counties and one state capital are named after him, but few people know what he did.

► The London *Times* tells of a bookstore in that city which goes in for sexy books with extra labels slapped on, like "seductive," "titillating," or "earthy." In May, a copy of Professor Einzig's *Monetary Policy: Ends and Means* was in the window, with a label on it saying "saucy."

► Remember sick humor? What goes on today makes that look absolutely healthy.

► Arthur E. Cobb, managing editor of the Pensacola *Journal,* vouches for this recent incident. A sailor struggled up the ramp to shore carrying his seabag. A Pensacola Customs Office agent stopped him for inspection. "Sailor, got any pornographic material in that bag?" The gob stammered, "Why, no, sir. I don't even own a pornograph."



► David Levine of Washington says: "Show me a female driving downtown to buy one of those long, dangling hairpieces and I'll show you a woman riding for a fall."

► And Eldon Barrett of Seattle declares: "Show me a clam without a bed and I'll show you a tramp steamer."

► The day after Dartmouth students rocked the car containing ex-Governor Wallace, WCBS-TV newscaster Tom Dunn reported it and then observed that Wallace was "visibly shaken."

► A full-page supermarket ad with lots of specials appeared in the June 7 Long Island *Daily Press.* At the bottom was this warning: "Not responsible for typeographical errors."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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(Left) *St. Jerome With Two Female Saints*, by Andrea del Castagno (also see cover). (Right) Sketch beneath the fresco is now revealed because after the flood the final composition was transferred to a new support. Notice how Castagno took liberties with his earlier design.

FLORENCE: MENDING DAMAGED TREASURES

By KATHARINE KUH

TODAY the words "preservation" and "restoration" trigger electric repercussions among art experts. Controversy boils both nationally and internationally. At times, differences of opinion are so intense that the once little-noticed vocation of art conservation is rapidly becoming a *cause célèbre*.

During the last two decades art curators, conservators, and historians have tended to renounce the nineteenth-century philosophy that often allowed restorations to turn into virtual reconstructions. Now, modern scientific discoveries, analytical equipment, and advanced technology are revolutionizing art conservation. Only last spring the National Gallery of Canada announced a conference in Ottawa focused, as the press release said, on "recent research and scientific solutions to present-day problems of conservation." High on the agenda was a discussion of Florence and its recent catastrophe. Since the flood, this city has become a veritable mecca for art experts from Italy, Europe, America, and even from Africa. So it was to Florence that I traveled last May in order to interview foreign and local authorities, to find out what progress had been made since the flood, and, above all, to investigate a much-debated subject and, if possible, to clarify the many shades of opinion surrounding modern art conservation.

The terms themselves can be misleading and are too often used indiscriminately. Conservation describes a specialized field including both preservation and restoration, the latter referring to repair after damage, deterioration, or loss have occurred in works of art. It is precisely in this last area that dissension has proliferated most acutely. Preservation, as a rule, is concerned with preventive care. Different environments, climates, and materials logically demand different preservative methods.

Before flying to Florence, I took a brief refresher course in late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century restoration by visiting Crete, where that dauntless Englishman, Sir Arthur Evans, with single-minded devotion excavated the labyrinthian (indeed, that's where the word comes from) Palace of Knossos, restoring it with a dramatic aplomb suggesting Hollywood in its heyday. It was not this architectural reconstruction (impure but of compelling interest) that baffled me, however; it was the restored

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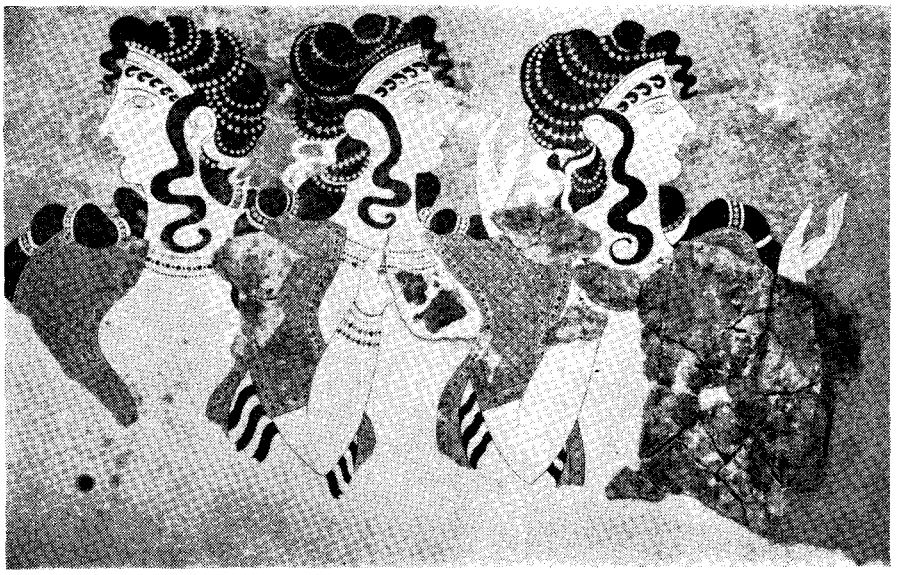

(Left, top) *Ladies in Blue*, Minoan fresco from Knossos. (Center) Sole fragments remaining from original mural—"less restored than reconstructed."

Transporting Cimabue's *Crucifix* from the flooded Museum of Santa Croce to the Limonaia—"Nature was relentless."

frescoes unearthed at Knossos and now on view in Herakleion's nearby Archeological Museum. Because these Minoan paintings were produced almost 4,000 years ago, it is small wonder that only the barest fragments remain. Under Sir Arthur's supervision, the frescoes were less restored than reconstructed. What we see is rarely the work of Minoan artists; we see projections of what Sir Arthur and his colleagues, after extensive study, thought the Minoans might have painted. All of which is provocative but perilously fanciful in light of present attitudes. To create complete compositions from nothing more than a few minor details seems extreme even for Sir Arthur's day.

Now the pendulum swings in the opposite direction, at times with such uncompromising integrity as to offend romantic eyes. The overall tendency is toward less imaginative flights of invention, toward more realistic concern with the ravages that time exacts. After all, what no longer exists no longer exists. Yet even today differences of opinion are myriad.

In Florence, I went first to Santa Croce because I had heard conflicting reports about the recently cleaned Giotto frescoes there. Though this church was cruelly damaged by the flood, the Giottos, located in the famous Bardi and Peruzzi Chapels, were well above water level and thus escaped injury. On first encounter, the frescoes, appreciably changed from when last I had seen them, were startling apparitions. For now, with all earlier repaint removed, only the work of Giotto and his associates held the stage. The slightly sweet nineteenth-century restorations are gone and in their place one sees large empty gaps resulting from prior losses, but one also sees the strong, noble, unedited hand of a great master. I felt that for the first time Giotto's work was presented as it was intended to be and not as later generations have seen fit to interpret it. No one can deny that the original unmarred frescoes would be far more satisfying than damaged ones, but neither can anyone deny the scars which 600 years are apt to inflict. The Giottos point up methods diametrically opposed to those Evans practiced in Crete; yet little more than a half-century separates these two approaches.

Today the frescoes in Santa Croce arouse as much censure as admiration. Bates Lowry, national executive chairman of CRIA (American Committee to Rescue Italian Art) and newly elected director of the Museum of Modern Art, feels that "there must be a middle ground between the two extremes now practiced in restoration. No one wishes deception by total repainting as was sometimes done in the past, but the practice of no repainting can also be deceptive because the viewer is not able to comprehend the total effect intended by the artist. This is particularly evident with the Giottos in the Bardi and Peruzzi Chapels. Here, even areas of flat blue sky above the spectator's head are left scarred by the scruples of an overly conscientious reaction to past abuses."

ULRICH Middeldorf, director of the Kunsthistorisches Institut in Florence, agrees with Dr. Lowry. He thinks that "ruthless removal of all past restorations is unwise. It may be scientifically interesting," he notes, "but esthetically intolerable." He prefers retaining a good restoration from the eighteenth or nineteenth century rather than revealing a hole or repainting that hole again. But who, one asks, is to say what constitutes a good restoration? How can we know? What frame of reference permits us to intuit an artist's original intention if he and his associates are no longer around to verify facts? True, other works by him can supply valuable clues, but the best of painters have always been unpredictable. Creativity follows no set rules. Even after the most exhaustive study of an artist and his *oeuvre*, to

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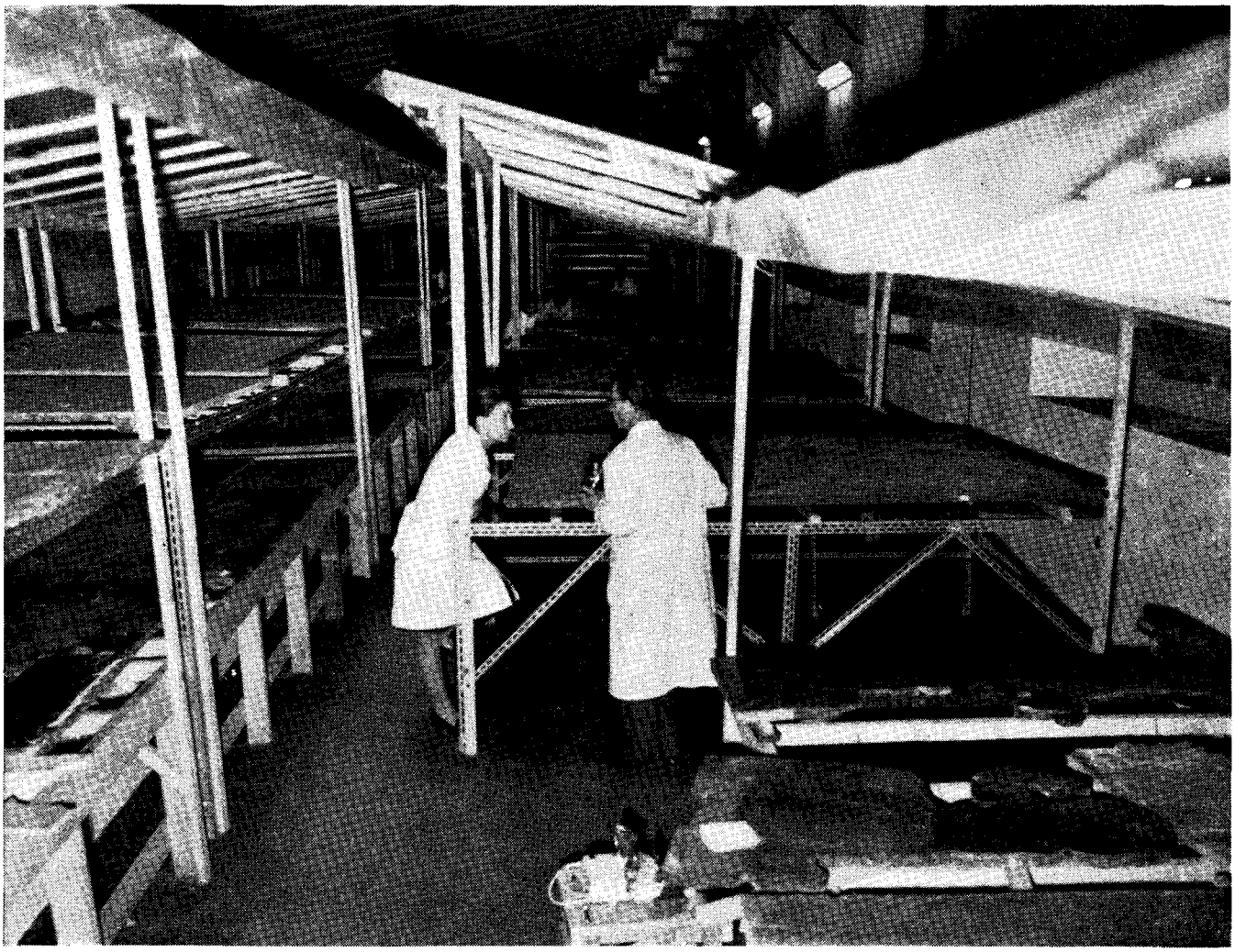
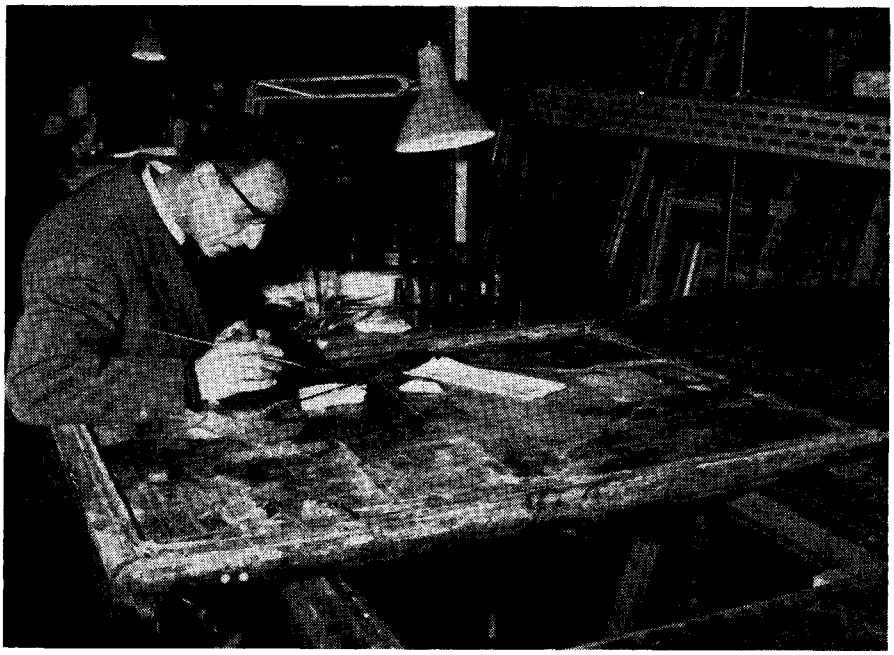


The Limonaia—"Row upon row of wounded panel paintings are still drying out."

replace lost areas in his work seems dangerously presumptuous to me.

In any case, Dr. Middeldorf doubts that the Santa Croce frescoes—"from which," as he admits, "everything has been removed that Giotto did not put there"—have meaning for the average person, filled as they are with yawning gaps. "But for the art historian and experienced connoisseur," he adds, "the Giottos are a revelation." Disturbed that paintings might turn into little more than archeology if purists are permitted total latitude, Dr. Middeldorf asks, "Have we become too rigid—too antiquarian during the last two decades?"

AND, to be sure, these are pressing questions. In Florence and in many other European cities one frequently finds three separate art audiences—specialists; the general public, including tourists; and religious worshippers, whom we sometimes tend to overlook. Each of these audiences has different needs. I strongly doubt that any single approach to art restoration could satisfy them equally. Yet it still seems advisable to rely only on the hand of the artist



Italian restorer consolidates pigment losses on panel painting.

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Detail from fresco by Giotto in Bardi Chapel, Santa Croce (above) before removal of old repaint in cleaning; (below) as it appears after cleaning—"One sees large empty gaps resulting from prior losses, but one also sees the strong, noble, unedited hand of a great master."

himself, and hope that eventually the public, with intelligent guidance, will come to understand and enjoy works that have suffered unavoidable losses. The fact that many museums in America and Europe lull their visitors with over-restored paintings is no reason why this habit need continue. Not infrequently, the art market offers canvases which, when examined by X-ray and ultra-violet lamp, turn out to be distressingly repainted. That museums, aware of these discrepancies, are occasionally willing to acquire such pictures seems more than shortsighted. And one shudders to think of how many private collections are similarly blighted.

The man responsible for Giotto's "new look" in Santa Croce is Leonetto Tintori, a well-known Italian conservator who today heads a team of restorers working on frescoes damaged by the flood. In the Boboli Gardens on one side of the Pitti Palace he has set up a workshop where under his supervision a group of former students are busy cleaning mud and diesel oil from detached frescoes and subsequently transferring these priceless compositions to new supports. Having lunch in that workshop was an unforgettable experience. It is not every day one eats pasta in casual communion with famous masterpieces. There, leaning against the wall, was Andrea del Castagno's haunting mid-fifteenth-century fresco of *St. Jerome With Two Female Saints*, from the Church of the Santissima Annunziata. And nearby was the sinopia, the artist's sketch on the original plaster wall that had been used by him as a preliminary guide. Now revealed because the fresco had been transferred, the sinopia demonstrated graphically how freely Castagno had taken liberties with his earlier design. All of which is further proof that one cannot predict a finished work even from a preparatory drawing.

Though Florence's flood was an incalculable disaster, certain unexpected advantages accrued. One is this very uncovering of preliminary sketches and the new insights they provide. Another is the removal of old, dirty restorations. Some works are emerging with fidelity for the first time in many generations. Other notable gains result from new scientific laboratories, improved equipment, and specialized technological assistance that have all been provided since the flood.

Professor Tintori, who wherever possible is unequivocably opposed to inpainting (retouching lost areas) or any form of reconstruction, does not try to conceal the weaknesses that time has inflicted. "I feel it's more important to let the original work speak for itself," he said, "despite all the abrasions and scratches that may exist. My major effort is concentrated on preserving what is left of the original. Today, Leonardo's *Last Supper* is the sum of multiple reconstructions carried on over a long period of time. Finally we lose the original and have nothing but a myth."

FROM Florence en route to New York, I stopped briefly in Barcelona, where I was interested to see that the Spaniards, in agreement with Professor Tintori, had scrupulously avoided any reconstructions in their recently cleaned Catalonian frescoes. These superlative twelfth-century compositions are strong enough to compensate for and withstand even extensive losses, as, indeed, are most pictures worth their salt.

In Florence's now renowned Limonaia, row upon row of wounded panel paintings are still drying out, receiving first aid, and patiently being prepared for more extensive treatment. This huge greenhouse which was once devoted entirely to lemon culture (hence its name) is filled with tragedies, for both the wood and pigment of numerous panels have been severely damaged. Some conservators feel that the two materials most vulnerable to water are bone-dry wood and ancient leather. At the Limonaia, the first painting one encounters is, ap-

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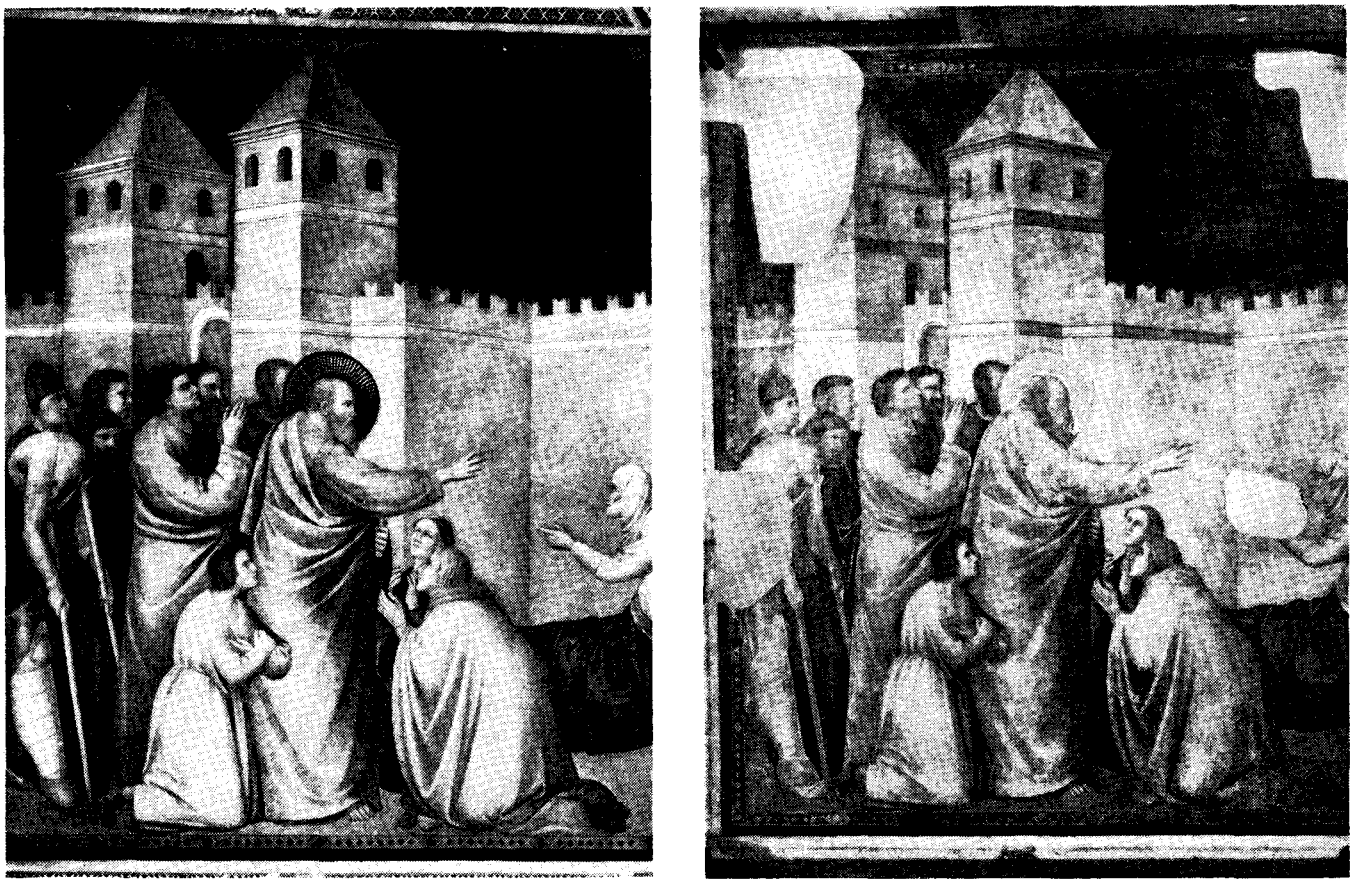

***St. John the Evangelist Resuscitating Drusiana*, by Giotto (detail), Peruzzi Chapel, Santa Croce—(left) fresco before removal of old repaint; (right) after almost complete removal of repaint.**

propriately, Cimabue's illustrious *Crucifix*, surely the greatest single art loss that Florence suffered in the flood. Little is left, for here Nature was relentless. From now on, these mutilated remains can hope to act as little more than an archeological document. Umberto Baldini, who heads conservation at the Uffizi and who presently is in charge of all art restoration resulting from the flood, assured me the Cimabue will be left exactly as it is, for it would be wiser, he felt, to make a copy than to try to reconstruct the original. So this painting will not become a myth.

The Limonaia evokes memories of a hospital where seriously ill patients passively await treatment. For conservators, the mere task of setting up priorities is no easy matter. The importance of the work and the nature of its ailment are, of course, the final deciding factors. These hundreds of panels, especially the large ones, for some reason seem curiously defenseless. One feels like an interloper gazing down at works that always before were seen proudly displayed in lofty churches. Now they lie in tiers (no pun intended), undergoing humiliating cures. Some are totally covered with Japanese paper to prevent flaking during the drying-out period. Immediately after the flood, so many reams of this paper were used that the supply gave out and, in desperation, restorers turned to Kleenex. Some works are still undergoing cautious removal of diesel oil and caked mud. On some, conservators are laboriously trying to consolidate tiny pigment losses that have fallen off but fortunately have been preserved. It is not, however, my intention to give a step-by-step account of the intricate processes involved in restoration, for to understand this complicated field requires clinical experience. What I hope to stress are not specific techniques but general attitudes.

NOW that many works in the Limonaia are ready for more detailed treatment, trained experts have been arriving from Germany, England, all the Scandinavian countries, the Soviet Union, Poland, Hungary, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, and the United States. It is important that visiting restorers remain long enough to give continuity to the program. Immediately after the flood last fall, a number of generous specialists under the auspices of both CRIA and the American branch of the International Institute for Conservation of Historic and Artistic Works converged on Florence from the United States. Giving their services, such men as Louis Pomerantz, Lawrence Majewski, and Harold Tribolet—the latter an outstanding authority on the preservation of rare books and paper—stayed long enough to help with first aid and to find out what equipment and supplies were most urgently needed.

TODAY, short-term visits are less advisable, for it often takes months to restore a single work. And to change restorers in midstream is dangerous in a field where differences of opinion are both valid and frequent. Take, for instance, the attitude of Louis Pomerantz, skilled Chicago restorer who is chairman of the American section of the International Institute for Conservation of Historic and Artistic Works. For him, conservation boils down to his "own interpretation of what the artist intended." When asked how he compensates for losses in a painting, he replied, "Depending on the area in which loss exists and its size, I either reconstruct the void to the best of my ability so that it matches surrounding areas or I leave the void void. In reconstructing where no interpretation is required I try to follow the painting's continuity. Where major

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(Above) Plaster figure from the Chapel of Saint Luke, Church of the Santissima Annunziata, is in danger of toppling forward unless lower part damaged by water (below) receives prompt restoration.

interpretation is required I do not try to reconstruct."

On the other hand, Lawrence Majewski, chairman of the Conservation Center at New York University, feels somewhat differently. He, too, is primarily interested in preserving as nearly as possible the original state of the object and in closely respecting the artist's intention. But where losses have occurred, "one cannot," he says, "make hard and fast rules because one must consider the purpose of the object, the information we have about it, and the extent of the damage. One should never attempt to reconstruct missing parts."

Divergence of opinion is more often related to methods of procedure than to overall aims. How to protect the artist's original conception is the pivotal problem. Since art restoration is not an exact science, wide variations in procedure are inescapable. Most conservators today, however, agree that each object must be considered individually.

Sir Kenneth Clark, distinguished English art authority, once said, "The more nearly a picture can be made to resemble its original condition the better. . . ." Yet René Huyghe, equally distinguished French authority, claims, "It is . . . idle to expect to restore a picture to its truly original condition." Because he finds that time chemically alters color relationships, he disapproves of total cleaning. Instead he advocates retaining a light covering or film from past restorations in order to tie the composition together harmoniously. Like Dr. Middeldorf, René Huyghe deplores the sometimes overcleaned wrecks that hang on our walls, but other experts deplore the overrestored inventions that hang on our walls. So the argument persists.

One thing is certain: Almost all factions today defend the use of advanced scientific aids whenever possible. The Florentines, who, from generation to generation, have acquired remarkable facility in the restoration of frescoes and panel paintings, are nonetheless not always familiar with the latest technological developments. Realizing this, the Italians, under the generous auspices of CRIA, have welcomed in Florence several American scientist-restorers who are widely experienced in physics, chemistry, or both. Robert Feller of Pittsburgh's Mellon Institute came for a month to advise on fixatives and varnishes for paintings afflicted with hazardous blisters. Just as I arrived in Florence, Richard Buck of the Intermuseum Laboratory at Oberlin, Ohio, was leaving, having met with the Italians to share with them his knowledge of synthetic resins.

The most far-reaching scientific assistance resulting from the flood has seen the establishment of a Conservation Research Center in, of all places,

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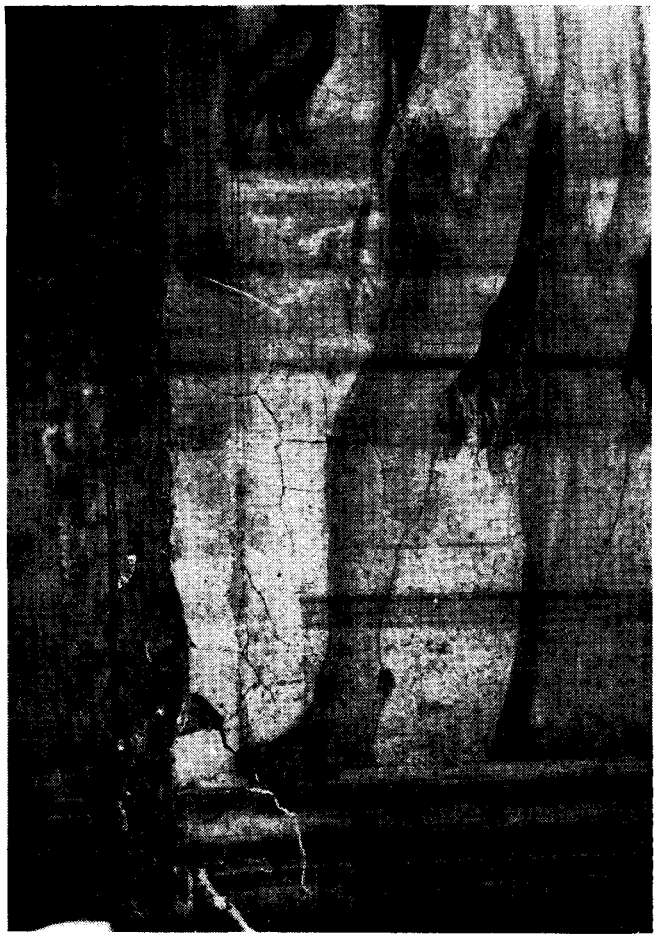
***St. Francis and John the Baptist*, by Domenico Veneziano — (Left and lower left) restorer removing fuel oil; (lower right) detail showing stains before fuel oil was removed.**



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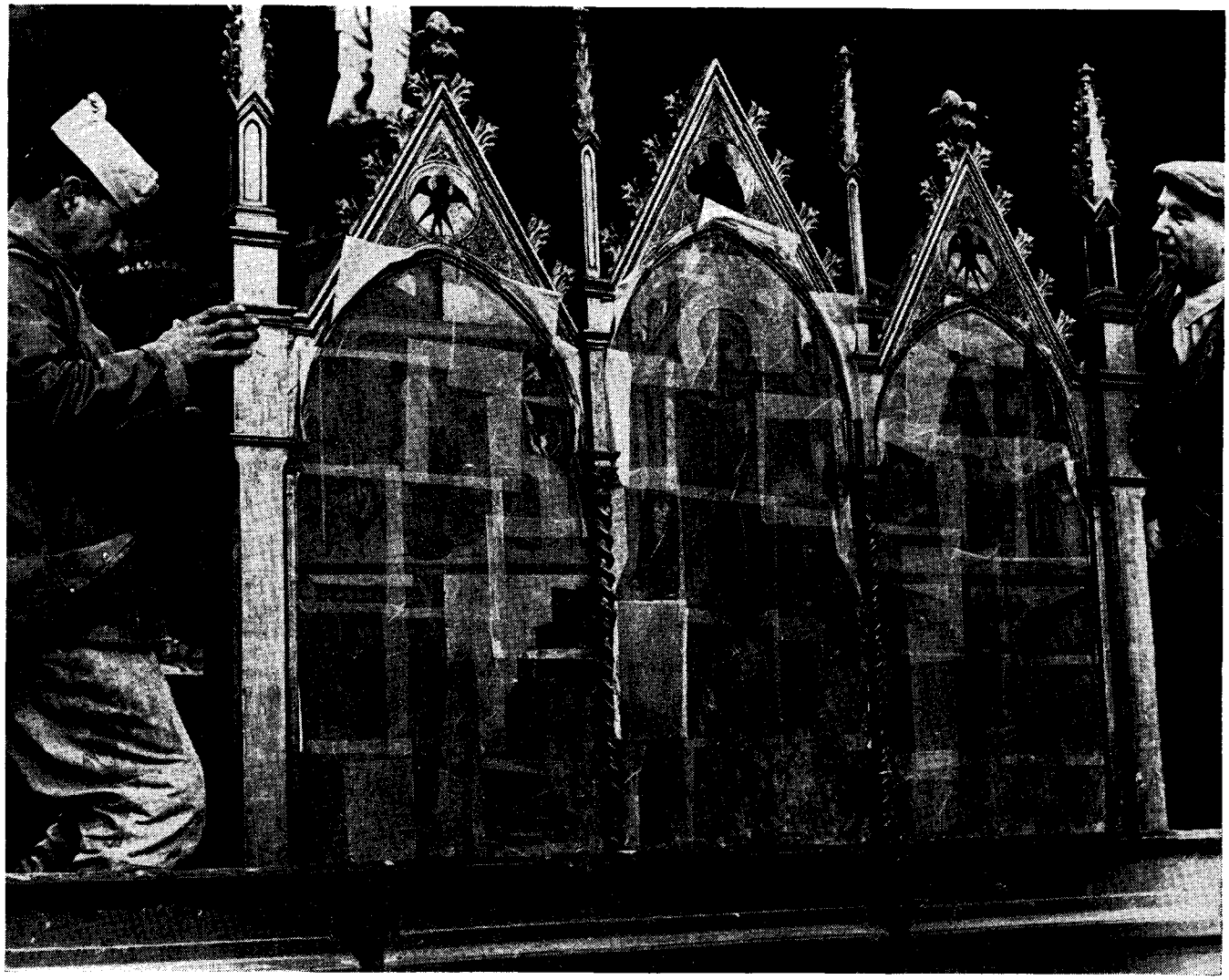

A triptych covered with Japanese paper to prevent flaking during the drying-out period.

the Palazzo Davanzati—a splendid fourteenth-century Renaissance residence, but scarcely an ideal home for a thoroughly modern laboratory. At present, however, this is the only available space. Later, when the emergency subsides, the Italians hope to integrate the Research Center into new, enlarged, and centralized conservation quarters under the supervision of the Uffizi. William Young, prominent chemist-conservator of Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, remained in Florence for more than four months organizing scientific workshops at the Research Center, where, for the time being, efforts are concentrated on the decorative arts and sculpture.

THE morning I visited the Davanzati, Mr. Young and one of his Italian colleagues were checking a new X-ray diffraction machine recently lent by CRIA. No more ironic anachronism can be imagined than this ascetic, efficient mechanism in its ornamental setting. The machine, which any up-to-date laboratory would covet, is concerned with the atomic breakdown of materials. It analyzes every fragment fed into it and then informs the restorer precisely what he is dealing with, thus eliminating much guesswork.

A PARAMOUNT problem that developed shortly after the flood concerned critical damage caused by crude oil swept in on the waters of the Arno. When finally scientists hit on a solution that successfully attacked this oil that had attacked Florence's art, various marble carvings emerged rejuvenated and often nearer their original state than they had been for generations. Special talc applied to the stone soaked up oil and dirt, yet did not erode the material. For paintings, alas, the oil proved more lethal.

At the Davanzati in a small hermetically sealed room lies Donatello's woodcarving of Saint Mary Magdalene, rescued from the battered baptistry. Small experimental areas have been cleaned to reveal successive layers of earlier dark brown repaint. Underneath are evidences of clear flesh tones and gilded hair, both of which may well have been hidden for more than a hundred years. This semi-expressionist, semi-Gothic work dating from the mid-fifteenth century shows the Magdalene, as Vasari noted, "consumed by fasting and abstinence." Coming unexpectedly on the celebrated figure lying on its back is, to say the least, a unique encounter. Rarely does one have the opportunity of confronting an old master in such unorthodox intimacy, and rarely does one have the pleasure of predicting its new image so dramatically. For the Magdalene will surely shine with unfamiliar radiance when years of grime and dreary repaint are removed.

THE fact that considerable progress is being made in Florence should not blind us to the staggering hurdles that still remain. New ailments result from new cures. Like people, paintings develop compensatory illnesses. The much-needed heaters going full blast in many churches have drawn out various salts from aged walls, salts which in turn are

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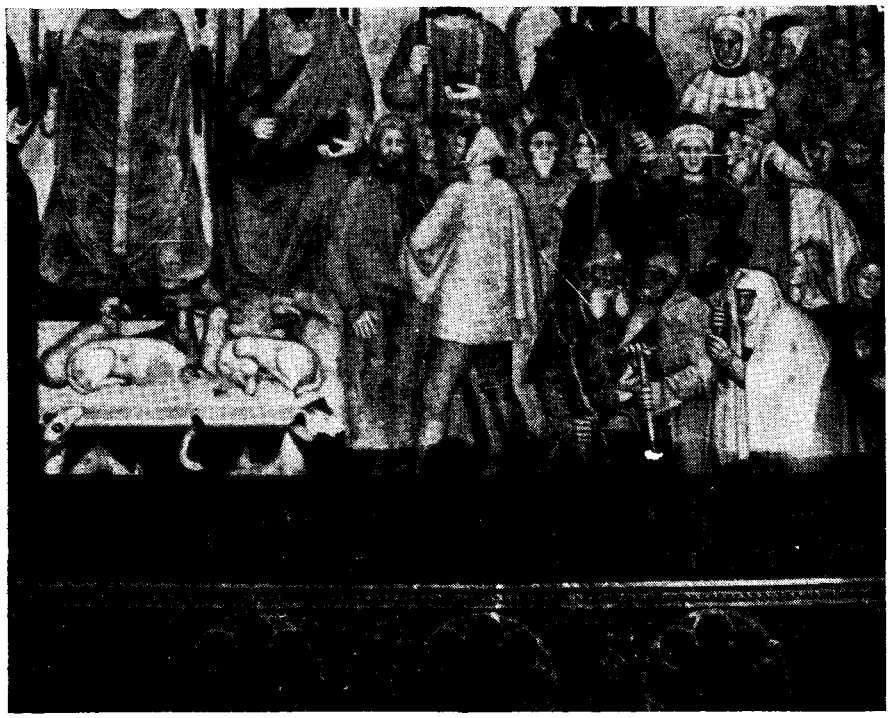
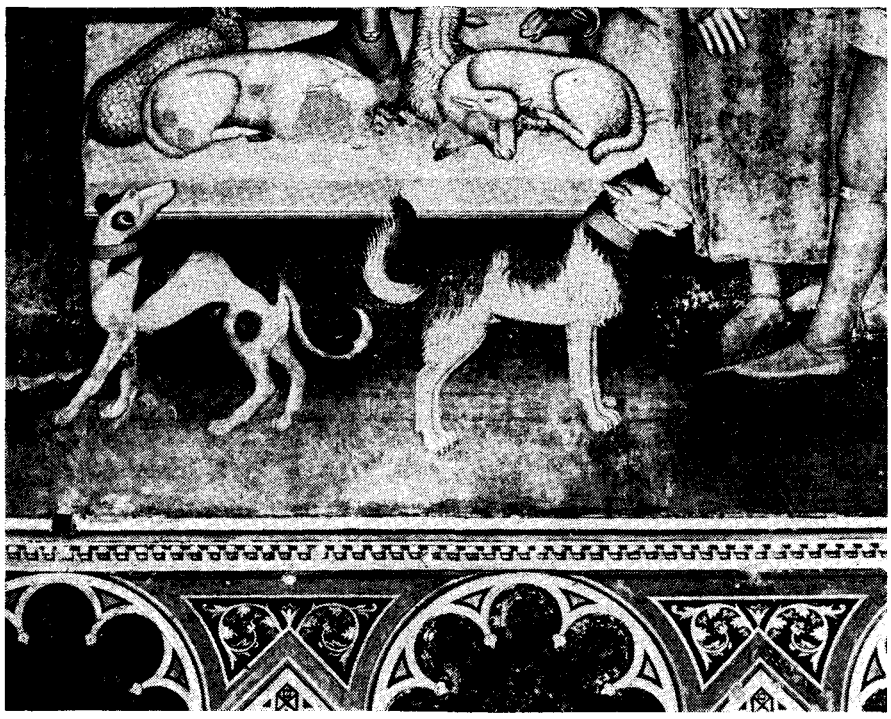
plaguing numerous frescoes with crippling bubbles and flaking. Now, wherever possible, conservators are trying to tunnel behind the walls so that dryers can operate from the rear and thus not endanger painted surfaces.

Most of the heaters, fed by bottled gas, were gifts from West Germany. The outpouring of help from all parts of the world has been heartwarming. Not only are individual countries supporting the expenses of their own specialists, but they are also underwriting specific projects. In the March issue of *Harper's* John Fischer wrote, "When floods ravaged Florence and Venice last winter, very few wealthy Italians gave a single lira to rescue their damaged art treasures. They were confident that contributions would flow in from America—as they did." It is true that the United States has collected more money than any other country; at the moment nearly $2,000,000 in American funds, raised from private individuals, corporations, and foundations, have been allocated for art restoration. But both the Germans and the British have been proportionately generous. Already each of these countries has contributed about $500,000 and in addition provided invaluable technical help.





Fresco by Orcagna from Spanish Chapel, Santa Maria Novella, damaged by flood. (Below) Detail of same fresco after treatment.

CRIA and the English are sponsoring the Conservation Research Center, where volunteers from England, Austria, and Germany are at work. In addition, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts provided the services of William Young, and CRIA paid his expenses. CRIA is allocating its funds wisely and widely. Firmly opposed to reconstructions, it concentrates on restorations whenever these are possible and promising. It has earmarked help for such varied projects as books, archives, sculpture, paintings, architectural monuments, and frescoes (both the Andrea del Castagno and the Domenico Veneziano, page 17, are notable examples). When one realizes that at least 1,200 pictures alone were damaged—and untold numbers of valuable books—the job that confronts Florence seems herculean. Speed is likewise of importance, for the city cannot hope to maintain its role as an intellectual center without the full participation of its museums and libraries. Some of Florence's outstanding antiquities are involved. One thinks immediately of the Archeological Museum, where irreplaceable Etruscan artifacts have been hard hit. As Dr. Middledorf aptly put it, "Once these objects were dug out of the ground; now they're being dug out of the mud."

Though the Italian government is presently much involved with art restorations in Florence and Venice, and though donors from Italy and elsewhere have contributed to the Palazzo Vecchio Fund for this purpose, still Mr. Fischer is correct when he says that very few well-to-do Italians have offered substantial help. I heard of only one case, that of a rich widow from Milan who re-equipped Professor Tintori's destroyed laboratory and in addition underwrote the restoration of the Ghirlandaios in the Sassetti Chapel. The cities of Milan and Verona are supplying funds for special projects. And various important Italian newspapers have raised money. But the lack of public help from wealthy individuals is baffling, and perhaps is only explained by the country's unfortunate tax system. Italian citizens are, in a sense, punished for being generous. Instead of receiving tax deductions, as is customary in the United States, they are more heavily assessed once their

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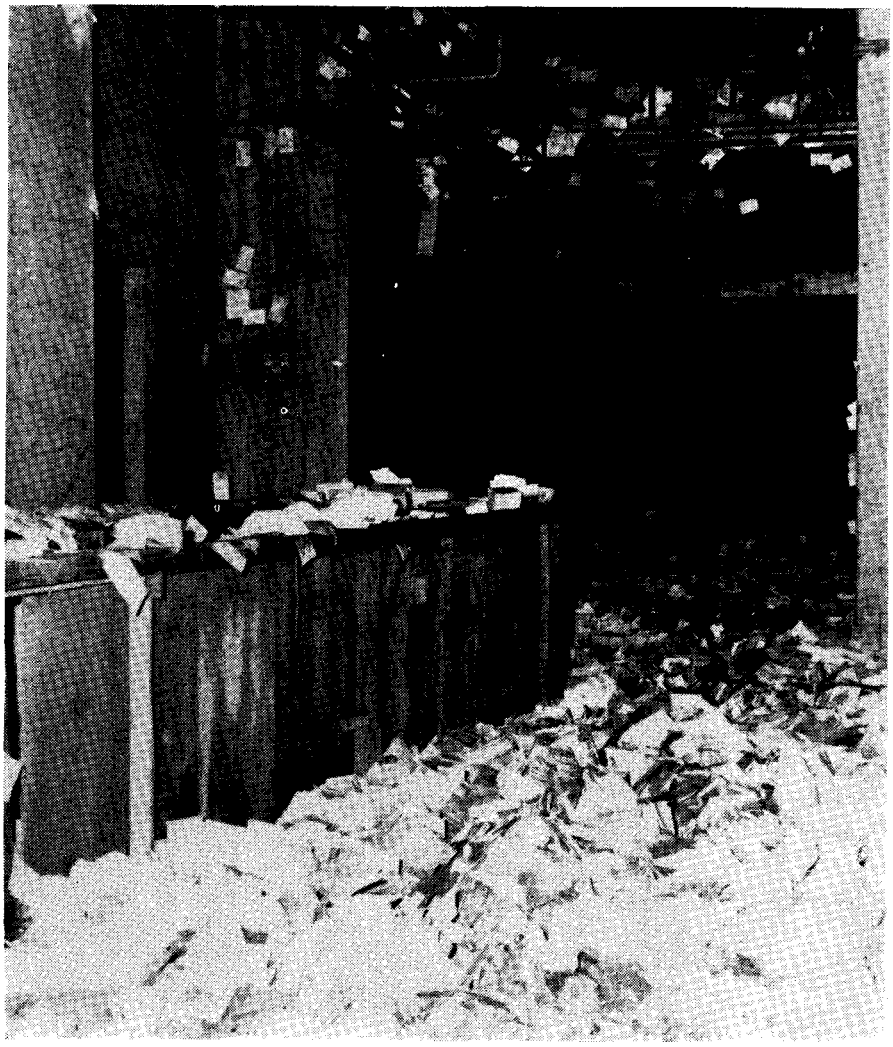

The card catalogue at the Biblioteca Nazionale Centrale after the flood.

contributions to communal projects are announced.

It is not always easy for the Italians tc accept such openhanded aid from other parts of the world. Recalling Egypt's warm gesture of gratitude when that nation offered the Temple of Dendur to the United States in return for American help in saving threatened Nubian monuments, I wondered why the Italians did not consider similar if less lavish symbols of reciprocal goodwill, particularly for those countries that have proved most cooperative. Numerous sinopias are being uncovered. Where will Florence find room for them? The city is already so packed with art that to see even its greatest works, let alone study them, requires a lifetime. For the many foreign donors who responded promptly and anonymously to Italy's misfortune, the gift to their country of an authentic Renaissance work, however humble, could mean as much psychologically as esthetically.

During the days I spent in Florence, the two most unsettling sights were the scarred Cimabue and the lacerated National Library (Biblioteca Nazionale Centrale). Though here archives and catalogues were mauled beyond words, it is good to report that the photographic archives at the Uffizi, contrary to earlier hysterical reports, were largely saved thanks to the timely intervention of Eve Borsook, young American scholar and my excellent Florentine cicerone. Without her informed guidance I would have foundered.

IN the Library, a sense of the overwhelming work still to be done swamps the imagination. Every page of every soaked book, manuscript, and periodical must be processed separately. A million and a quarter wet volumes in the Biblioteca Nazionale alone needed attention. And nearly fifty smaller, often specialized libraries were also affected, bringing the total number of damaged books close to 2,000,000.

At the National Library I was shepherded around by a young Ghanian, Joe Nkrumah, who, having been trained in Rome, Brussels, and London, plans eventually to return to Accra and work there at the National Museum. He in turn introduced me to an English team of book restorers, a group that is providing inestimable technical assistance. In fact, the British consider the Biblioteca Nazionale their major project in Florence.

At the time of my visit, the British team included four experts; earlier there were as many as fifteen. Peter Waters, leader of the group, reported that some 60,000 to 80,000 rare volumes, dated between 1500 and 1820, represented source material of such extreme importance that they were receiving first attention. Most of them, he felt, could be saved, but the process would be long, arduous, and costly. Rumor has it that the restoration of this one library (the largest in Italy) demands approximately the same amount of money required to build 12 kilometers of a superhighway, a comparison that should melt even the most obdurate bureaucratic heart. I heard of only one library that was to all practical purposes totally destroyed, a collection devoted exclusively to books on Etruscan art.

THE endless steps connected with the restoration of a single volume are stupefying. Shortly after the disaster, in order to absorb as much moisture as possible, good old-fashioned sawdust was lavishly sprinkled on, under, and even in wet books, which later were interleaved several times with absorbent paper to facilitate drying and to prevent pages from sticking together. Innumerable other treatments include hand vacuuming, sterilizing, applying fungicides to protect surface of paper, washing of each book section by section, mending, sewing, binding—to say nothing of combatting constant ominous molds. The variety of these growths is as numerous as their hues are iridescent. In Florence, new circumstances are producing new molds. All the old familiar ones are there, but so also are a plethora of unknown ones. Paradoxically, the same mud that punished the paintings seems to have protected the books. At times, caked mud prevented diesel oil from infiltrating. If one doubts the practical advantages of modern technology, a visit to the Biblioteca Nazionale will dispel such uncertainties. Nowhere have I encountered a more cogent argument for the value of microfilm than in this gravely menaced library.

The flood has now joined other historic events in the life of Florence. Small metal tabs commemorate date and water levels. To the resilience of the Italian people much credit is due, for the city once again blooms with confidence. And its art, damaged but indomitable, still remains the Renaissance's finest hour.

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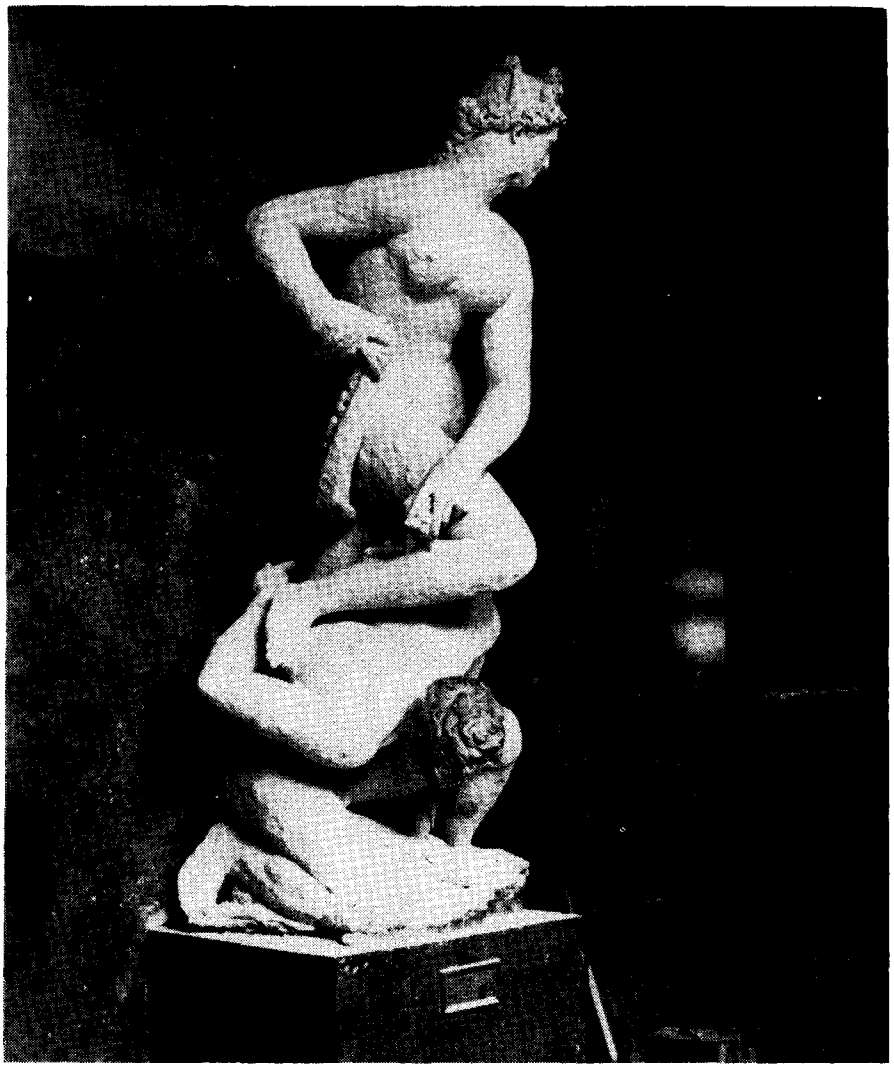

Virtue Conquering Vice, by Giovanni Bologna — Statue is covered with special talc to draw oil from the stone.

Twelfth-century Catalonian fresco, Barcelona—"strong enough to compensate for and withstand even extensive losses, as, indeed, are most works of art worth their salt."

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LATIN AMERICA:

The Rise of a New Non-Communist Left

By GEORGIE ANNE GEYER

I MET the young Colombian priest, Camilo Torres, in July of 1965, just six months before he became a guerrilla and was killed in the mountains. He was radiant with confidence then, the knight errant of the students and the talk of Bogotá. When I arrived at his little apartment near the Catholic University, where he taught sociology, he was bustling around, his servants watching his every move with adoring eyes. Camilo was like that—he was so handsome, so intelligent, he had so much charisma, he drew everyone to him.

It was precisely that week that rumors had started that the conservative Luis Cardinal Concha Cordoba, whose only action at the Vatican Council a year later was to vote against the schema on religious liberty, was going to defrock Camilo; he was going too far with his talk about mass movements and political change, and had not the Cardinal said: "It must be borne in mind that the church cannot involve itself in socio-economic measures that may fail, for the truth of the church is forever."

But Camilo (everyone called him Camilo) had dismissed this. "I consider the work of a priest is to take a person to God," he said, "to work toward the love of one's brother. I consider there are circumstances that do not permit a man to offer himself to God. A priest must fight those circumstances, and for me they are political. The grave problem is political, because the fundamental decisions have to be political decisions. And these decisions are now produced by the minorities and not the majorities. Because of this, the majority must produce pressure groups; it must take political power."

This young priest in his late thirties, trained at the University of Minnesota and the Belgian University of Louvain, talked about starting a newspaper and showed me letters from backers who had promised to help him. Still smiling that radiant smile he had, he said goodbye and left for the airport, where several hundred cheering students saw him off.

Within weeks, Camilo had been defrocked. He tried for a while to work with his mass movement idea. Then, impatient and driven by whatever devils or saints inhabited him (his friends insist there were quite enough of both), he joined the guerrillas. On February 15, 1966, the government announced that Camilo Torres had been killed in an encounter with Colombian troops.

That marked the beginning of the Camilo legend. Colombian students marched with placards reading: CAMILO, WE WILL NOT MOURN YOU, WE WILL AVENGE YOU. Last winter the Christian Democrat youth in Venezuela held a conference, with a moment of silence observed in Camilo's memory, to discuss where he was a Catholic, where not. A fellow Colombian priest, German Guzman, one of the dozen finest sociologists in Latin America, broke the clerical silence on "the Camilo affair" this spring, saying that "generations which fight for authentic democracy will realize his sacrifice" and that "every day he grows closer to the conscience of people who want to be free." The army buried his body secretly, apparently fearing his martyrdom.

Camilo Torres may be the most extreme and dramatic example of what is happening within the Roman Catholic church in Latin America, but he is only one harbinger. The Catholic church is riven and tormented with change, with everything from "revolts of the priests" (Colombia) to Catholic reform movements in power (Chile) to brilliant young sociologists mapping out the continent for change while conservative bishops look on (Brazil). The "Catholic revolution" is already so far advanced that even Cuban Premier Fidel Castro has been telling people privately that next to his own men he considers the radical Catholics "real revolutionaries" and far more revolutionary than the Soviet Communists, who are now taking a nonviolent line.

—*Pictorial Parade.*

Martyred social reformer Camilo Torres—"the most extreme and dramatic example of what is happening within the Roman Catholic church in Latin America."

Generally, the "Catholic revolution"—and, though it is generally peaceful, it can legitimately be called that because it aims at a total change of the structure of society—is being carried through in a three-pronged attack. There is a definite pattern and program, much of it supported from and orchestrated in Europe, rarely seen or understood from outside.

The political arm of the attack is the Christian Democrat parties, church-inspired but not overtly church-related. The social change arm is a gaggle of institutes, with stacks of money from West Germany, Belgium, and the United States, which are doing intensive sociological research and are promoting such "intermediate" organizations as trade unions, community organizations, cooperatives and peasant leagues. The intellectual arm is a group of young priests, most often trained in Europe or the United States, who, through magazines, publications, speeches, and being in key positions, are reshaping the image of the church in the Latin Catholic's eyes.

THE Christian Democrats took power for the first time in 1964 in Chile with the election of President Eduardo Frei against a Marxist coalition, and Chile is today the place where all the ideas of the Catholic Left are being experimented with. It represents the ascension to power of the real middle class—doctors, lawyers, dentists, small new-immigrant merchants—and they have an

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Georgie Anne Geyer, a correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News* Foreign Service, won an Overseas Press Club Award for her reporting on Latin America. She now is writing a book about the continent.

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apocalyptic view of themselves as the saviors of Latin America.

Offshoots of the German and Italian parties of the same name, they share their European brothers' inspiration from the social teachings of the Vatican, but that is about all. The Latins are much much further to the left. They claim to be more revolutionary than the Marxists, more "truly" Catholic than the clergy. This gives rise to such jokes in Latin America as: "What is a Christian Democrat? A little red fish swimming in holy water."

Christian Democracy has many components and many interpreters, and all the parties take a slightly different line on things, but generally they stand for several major concepts: a change in structure through massive organization of the "marginal" elements who have always lived outside organized society; a larger amount of direction of the economy by the state; the splitting up of monopolies (so serious in Latin America, where most corporations are merely extended family groups); massive upgrading of education; and the general idea of "the state for man, and not man for the state."

In addition, Christian Democracy has some interesting slogans such as "communitarianism," which, as much as anyone can discover, means things like workers owning factories, but they talk about this rather than do much about it. It is also charged by their enemies that what they really want is a corporate state. They deny this, saying that they believe in development from the grass roots up, not from the top down.

IMPLICIT in all of Christian Democracy is the idea of injecting a Christian ideology of man and of progress into a society which suffers from lack of formation. They keep repeating that Latin America will go either Christian Democrat or Marxist because it must have an ideology. To them, the 1964 election, where in the space of only two years Chile went from a choice between the traditional parties (radical, liberal, conservative) to a choice between the Christian or the Marxist Left, is what will eventually happen everywhere.

They believe they are reforming Latin man and that they are in truth "new men." The prominent Chilean sociologist Eduardo Hamuy calls them "modern men, with rational attitudes, men who want facts and verify things, the most American, most New World managerial types." Father Roger Vekemans, a brilliant Jesuit in Chile, posits the Christian Democrat idea that for Latin America to develop, man himself must change—from the traditional Latin man who accepts testimony to a modern man who searches for scientific proof.

The Christian Democrats are, in all cases except one, careful to stress their standing apart from the church hierarchy. Although there is an unquestionable coincidence of interests, this is largely true. Chile is the most ecumenical country in Latin America and the only one to have an aggressive birth control program. Moreover, the Chilean Christian Democrats, who started in the late Thirties, insist it was *they* who liberalized the hierarchy, which started to change in the early Fifties, and not the other way around.

To date, their Chilean record is impressive. In less than three years, they have put through an agrarian reform, bought into the U.S.-owned copper mines in a unique Chilean ownership-foreign ownership arrangement, taxed a redistribution of income into being, totally reformed education, and started a massive organization of the poor. Though there are problems, the Christian Democrats are so successful that one of the top Marxist Leftists told me recently, "They have faced the Left with a totally new problem. They have stolen every one of the programs we have fought for for forty years."

There are Christian Democrat parties in all the countries now, some mature, some "romantic" and green. The second-largest, Copei, is in Venezuela and might take power in the next election. They are influential and more American- and Notre Dame-oriented than the Chileans, who tend to be European- and University of Louvain-oriented. They are second in Salvador, they are in power in coalition with the ruling party in Peru, and they are in various degrees of development in the rest of Latin America.

The most amusing situation is in Paraguay, the one country where the party does not protest too much over the government's insistent charges that it is run from the inside of the archbishop's palace (it is also not really legal, because the government classes it with the Communists as an international conspiracy). Paraguay's tough dictator-President Alfredo Stroessner has not historically shown much respect for opposition political parties, but he does respect the Catholic church. So the budding little party, which actually is independent, as the parties all are, has tacitly allowed the word to circulate that it is church-sponsored; it is its one assurance of an afterlife.

Among the parties and their organizers, there is a major saint, Jacques Maritain, the French layman-philosopher who outlined the entire postwar philosophy of the involvement of the individual Catholic in the political milieu ("As concerns the revitalized democracy we are hoping for, the only solution is of the pluralistic type"). And there is healthy pluralism even within the entire movement. Said the top Paraguayan organizer, Dr. Edgar Ibarra, with typical Christian Democrat independence, "We have cordial relations with the Chileans but we stay away from them as far as possible." He smiled, and added, "They are the imperialists of Latin America."

This independence is all the more telling and amusing because Dr. Ibarra's

(*Continued on page* 50)

"I find him dynamic, authoritative, and I love his warm brown eyes. What do you see in him?"

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ROME

By YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO

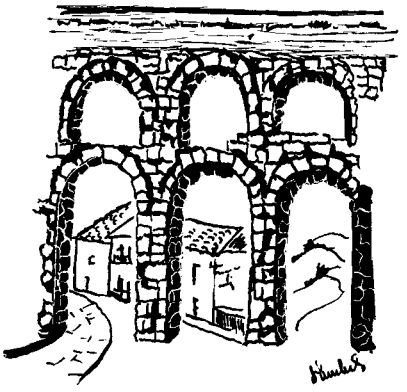
The following two poems, part of Yevgeny Yevtushenko's cycle "Italian Italy," are published here for the first time in English. They are taken from his book "The Mail Boat." The translator is George Reavey, editor of "The Poetry of Yevgeny Yevtushenko" and "The New Russian Poets" (October House).

Rhythms of Rome

Get up!
Rome-the-giant-alarm-clock shrills by your
head.
And go out towards Rome!
Give yourself up to the dawn thud of shoes,
hammers,
and the cries
of milkmen, news vendors, bakers, green-
grocers.
The nuns
with their starched white wings crackling
trip in Indian file.
The coppers
in their clay mugs clatter appealing to
passersby.
The prostitutes,
after their morning medical, go straight to
pray in church.
In a café
the pot-bellied discuss the best cure for
constipation.
Gypsy girls
jingle their coin-necklaces near an exhibit of
"Super-Pop-Art."
Ministers
speed by in Mercedes. Their hands have
callouses from playing cards.
Hands
calloused from work drift on, expecting
nothing.
Lemons
and men, as it happens, cost cheaper than
anything else.
Where are
you hurrying, all of you people? Whither
are you crawling,
the boa constrictors
of the fire pumps, where the water strongly
swirls like sinews?

There are many Romes,
but as a physical entity Rome hardly exists.
There are many rhythms—
no common rhythm, and that's the secret of
its streets.
But I'll become
a bone-and-rag man crying the torn tatters
of Rome.
I shall swell
like a sponge sucking Rome into my pores.
Till night
I shall eavesdrop, and then sleep not a wink
through the night,
an informant
to all mankind about you, Rome, and about
myself.
Inside my shirt
I shall hide all that your alleys will shout,
will weep,
whisper, whistle, clang, and murmur.
Let my pursuit
of Rome, through Rome, break and fracture
my bones—
like a tape
I shall eagerly wind Rome around me . . .

"Fire! Fire!
Signora Silvia's aflame!"
"But no,
you fool,
it's her apartment . . ."
"Search in the wardrobe—
you'll find personal linen
and that colander—
chuck them out of the window!
Throw down the divan
and the lid of the toilet bowl!
. . . and all's in a heap,
might as well bang your head on a
wall . . .
Stop,
you blockhead.
Where's our vase?
And where's
the album,
the family album? . . ."
"Shut up,
wife,
squealing won't help . . ."
". . . Why did I ever marry
after I'd sinned?"
"Here,
take this rope,
and lower the TV set . . ."
"The damn thing
is being lowered at last!"
"Don't cry,
these are just
saucepans and cans.
Come to,
wife,
look—you're all covered with
down . . ."
"Let go,
don't push.
Wait, where's the Madonna?



The Madonna's
burning!
They left her upstairs!"
"Good grief,
what a calamity.
Did you hear that, my son?"
"Now they'll be locked out
of paradise, neighbor.
It's eternal damnation—
for Signora Silvia . . .
No Madonna . . .
They forgot her . . . Ai-ai-ai!"

"Who wants the Duce,
who wants the Duce!
A fine portrait that!
Come, people,
flock together,
crowd round—
no better man in all the world!
The painter's brush—
admittedly!—
is not that of a Matisse,
but there was a time when the Duce
used to please you *multissimo.*
Drift up,
flea market,
and do your smart trading.
Among so many odd bird-and-fish,
this little bird
is quite unique!
This day there are
no open bidders for the Duce,
but enough concealed ones:
I can tell them by their eyes.
It would serve them better
to be bolder,
for the Duce is already cracking.
Who wants the Duce,
who wants the Duce?
No one needs the Duce?"

"Come over here, Signore—
we sell letters here.
Real letters—
do you see the postmarks?
We request you not to remove the stamps—
you can read the letters, don't hurry . . .
Here is the eighteenth century, if you please:
'I shall wait for you eternally.'
Here, if you please, is the nineteenth:
'I shall wait for you a hundred years.'
And here's the twentieth, Signore:
'Why do you keep twisting and
turning?
I've already spent two evenings with you,
and nothing doing.'
Here's a World War I letter,
and one of World War II . . .
(Unfortunately, time has not restored
the censor's deletions . . .)

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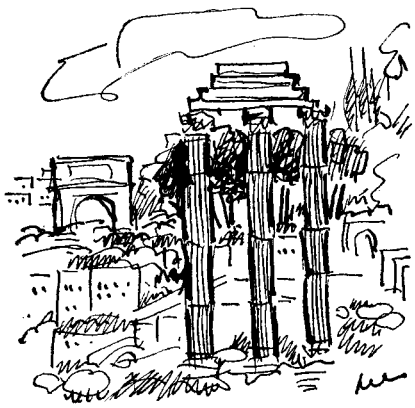
And if there's a World War III,
Signore, I imagine,
as you do, we'll be left
with no letters at all.
Signore, I believe letters to be
the most precious of relics,
but they are sold cheap, and I, old man,
buy them.
Letters are the odd pages
of a great book, perhaps,
but there's no glue
to paste them all together."
"Don't you find it strange, Signor,
to trade in letters?"
"Strange? What's strange about it?
Aha, you must be a poet, I guess . . .
And don't you find it strange
to trade in songs?
The world's full of strange things,
but nothing is really strange . . ."

"Mama Roma, mama Roma,
don't you have a conscience?
My husband's as thin as a spaghetti,
a spaghetti without any sauce.
Conscience does not prick me—
all that pricks is my frisky blood.
Government,
give us
divorce laws,
or—
I shall emigrate!"

"Signor doctor, please explain what sort of
animal I am?"
"I don't understand your question, Signora."
"What's there not to understand, Signor
doctor!
Soon as I rise I start darning, ironing,
cooking
breakfast for my husband and children—
just like a squirrel in a treadmill.
I don't have time to eat—I'm famished as
a wolf.
I go to the factory and do the donkey work.
I return by bus and hiss spite like an old
goose.
I go shopping and stagger back as loaded
as a camel.
Back home, I launder again, sweep up and
cook, work like a horse.
Dog-weary, I fall into bed.
My husband comes in drunk, plunks down,
and says: 'Make room, you old cow.'
What sort of an animal am I, Signor doctor,
tell me that?"

"I'm at the end of my confession,
Padre.
I've no thick hair left, wisps are all
I have.
You taught us, Father, not to sin
but think.
Foolish me, I've tried, Padre, to live
like that.
As if it were a dream, I remember nothing.
In vain
I lived so righteously, it gives me
the creeps.
I'd like to sin before I die, but it's
too late.
I only remember the sins of very long
ago.
I have no need of anything now—being
a grandma.
It's a long way to the schooldays when I
wore a bow.
Come nearer, grandchildren, I've something
to tell you.
Like a small cross, in your hands I shall
place the truth.
My little ones, of necessary sins be not
afraid;
have fear, instead, of those tedious
coffins.
Run further away from a faith that is
empty
into sins, as into a dense forest, a willow-
branch
forest.
Quietly, there, grandchildren, amid
moaning,
you'll hear:
your one joy before dying is to remember
your sins . . ."

"Lucky lottery tickets,
tickets,
tickets!
They'll give you motorbikes,
Fiats,
sideboards.



Don't believe in politics,
or in fool-cybernetics,
believe only in lottery tickets,
lucky tickets . . .
You wear birettas now,
but tomorrow you'll be mere skeletons.
Snap up the tickets,
the lucky tickets!"
"If failure's turned you bald,
then don't be such dullards, Signori,
buy a policeman out-of-the-ordinary,
a rubber one.
Pummel him,
spit on him,
kick him,
shove him,
and when you teach him a thing or two,
then you'll get at least partial relief
from the damnable life you lead. . ."
"And tell me,
can't you foresee
members of the government all made
of rubber?"
"I won't even promise them.
I regret, Signor—
they're all sold out."

"Hands off,
hands off
Vietnam!
Let's stop laundering now,
daughter,
I'm a mother,
that's certain.
Why are they bombing
those children—
the little Vietnamese?
If they're not all childless,
then the papers must be lying."

"I don't give a damn for Vietnam!
I'm all for a quiet life.
All
I need is a new patch
on my trousers!"

"Signor sergeant,
Signor sergeant,
off the Piazza di Spagna
I was trying to buy a sideboard
and a secretary for the bedroom.
And suddenly in a gallery window I saw
a bed,
and on the bed a girl,
wearing not a stitch as the day she was
born,
puffing insolently on a cigarette.
And beside the girl lay
a pair of soiled panties,
and, *in addition*,
Signor sergeant,
they were empty . . .
those things.
And over this disgraceful show
was written:
'Sculpture.'
Signor sergeant,
save Rome
and Roman culture!"
"To save Rome, Signora, is complicated . . .
What's to be done . . .
The younger generation . . ."
"Striptease, in reverse,
is the latest thing with us."
"What sort of thing is that?"
"This is the way it works:
Out comes a floozy—
she has on only pasties,
and then she starts dressing,
and that's where the kick comes in."
"An old trick . . .
all crawl out naked
on the stage of life,
and then clothe themselves
in words,
words,
words,
but, all the same, behind the words
they see each other naked.
Striptease, in reverse—such is *la vita* . . ."

"Signor, it's none of my business, of course,
but as the bar proprietor, I'd like to
warn you about that woman, who has
just sat down at your table. She is—if
you'll excuse me, a man . . ."
"You're joking!"
"It's no joke. It's true to life, I regret,
Signor. Observe the hands and legs—
they are rather large and muscular. A
special cream has been used to remove
the facial hair. The long hair is either
a wig or naturally grown. You may
have been deluded by the rounded
forms of the breasts? That is the result
of paraffin injections. Painful, but ef-
fective. Signor, you are still very young
and evidently inexperienced. There-
fore I considered it my duty to warn
you somewhat tactlessly . . ."
"You mean this woman is a man?"
"A man, Signor . . ."
"The devil! Incidentally, call me Signora,
not Signor. For many days now I have
been trying to find at least one genuine

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woman . . . But I've had no luck . . ."

"*Signori!*
In the name and at the instigation of the
presidium of the Pederast Club allow me
to propose the first toast to women. Let
this toast be no surprise to you, Signori.
For all their physical and moral deficien-
cies women are indispensable; they give
birth to us, pederasts. So—here's to
women!"

"Tell me, my friend, why should we
write verses
amid this terrible disintegration? I don't
know.
Though harshly you may try to make
this world ashamed,
it refuses to be shamed. Like the flag,
shame's been betrayed.

"Salvation lies in feeling ashamed, but
that's forgotten,
and at times I have the urge to cry:
'O where, mankind, is your sense of shame—
which is your one and only powerful lever?'

"Shamelessness reigns about us in the night,
while feelings are diminished and maimed—
only the veined noses of the drunkards
blush red with shame for all mankind . . .

"Stop now, stop . . . Your bitter monologue
is verse already . . . It's worth writing
verse then.
And if you're reluctant, God will compel
you—
the God that groans in us, imperfect ones.

"Yes, shame's forgotten or, rather, it's
quiescent,
but why break your heart on that account.
You still feel shame! Why have the
others lost
their innate capacity for shame?

"Inactively to watch corruption
is no better than to be openly corrupt,
and, damning corruption from on high,
we ourselves become part of the corruption.

"And doesn't it seem to you, my friend,
that, because we've lost our sight
through fear,
we find ourselves in a vicious circle,
unable to see the world beyond the
line enclosing us?

"But there are different circles. There are
at this moment, too—intact, as of old—
love, hope, goodness, and honor,
all walking through Rome, unseen.

"They pass in the shade, and thus they
see us, too.
They walk along. Like specters we are
chased.
And it is they, perhaps, who are right
and eternal, just as this city is eternal.

"My love, we've been forgotten here.
From the park all the people have gone
home,
and, leaving the ferris wheel,
the others have wandered off elsewhere.

"The operator was evidently well-meaning—
he did not drop us down to earth.
The great wheel has stopped.
We've been forgotten . . . That's very good!

"Below us lies our poor, proud Rome,
our beloved Rome, our accursed Rome.
It's not aware that we are hovering
in our cabin in the air above.

"Below us the lie-mongering politicians,
the ministers, the trollops, kings,
high personages, the police, the armed
forces—
how utterly tedious all this is!

"Someone needs us there below,
and we have to do something about it.
So let's be thankful they've forgotten us
for a while up here in the sky.

"Give that cabin of ours a push
and put your lips to mine,
or I myself will push our cabin
and put my lips to thine."

Stop, war, stop, war . . .
Yes, like Rome, life is terrifying,
but, like Rome, there's only one life . . .
Stop, war, stop, war. . . .

—YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO.

Translated by George Reavey.
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Heat In Rome

Monks,
strip off all your cassocks,
plunge into the fountains of Rome!
And as for you,
Signor Prime Minister,
jump quick into the river Po,
and down you go!
And like asses
and she-asses,
the Ambassadors
and their wives trot to the water.
Millionaire,
cry out in panic:

"Give me a bit of shade!"
For once let common sweat
unite the gentry
and the common people!
All things, even feelings,
are soaked in sweat.
The newspapers
are as clammy as underwear.
The Madonna is weeping . . .
A miracle!
A miracle!
Don't you believe it—
it's simply perspiration.
Over 104 degrees . . .
The thermometers are bursting.
Softly quicksilver dances in the dust—
minute globes
from which all the lands have trickled away.
All things fall apart,
all things are sodden—
even the authorities.
Pinch off
a chunk of temple marble
and chew it
instead of chewing gum.
And as for the powers-that-be in bronze,
the heroes,
the gods—
they're a miserable lot,

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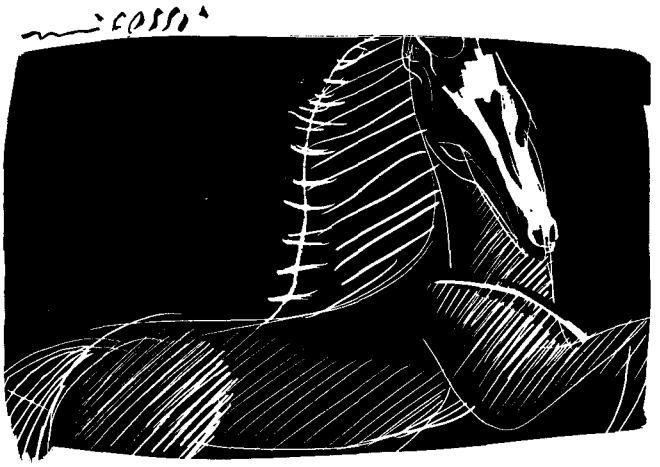
they look as though made of plasticine;
prod them with a finger—
they'll crumble at once.
In the Piazza dell' Indipendenza
I drown more helpless than a babe.
The melted asphalt
is chest-high.
"Hey there, help!
Help me, someone!"
But no—
nobody answers.
To live independently
includes
the right to drown independently.
And above it all
the nudist-poet
prophetically drones his verses:
"The cows in the meadows have gone putrid.
In the skies the Milky Way's turned sour.
People and produce stink.
The only salvation
lies in mass striptease!
Men, don't turn
into
corpses,
have no fear of virginal beauty.
Only cowards wear clothes.
Be glad to take off your shorts!"
Ladies groan:
"Give us ozone . . .
Ozone!"
They proclaimed,
inspiring the tailors,
the naked king's garb
to be *the* fashionable dress of the season.
"Ha-ha-ha! . . .
out of the ages comes the answer.
The height of fashion—
for thousands of years . . ."
"O dear deputy,
you don't even set foot
in a village,
and the villages have become impoverished . . .



Where are all the things you promised?"
"The things I promised?
Ah, yes!
Ah, yes!
I'd forgotten—
forgive me, it's the stifling heat . . ."
"Why are you so slow, my darling?
A little wine to stimulate you?
Shall we lie down in the freezer?
Maybe we can do it better there . . ."
The deputies confronted with their constituents,
the impotent facing their wives,
the murderers facing their prosecutors,
the attorneys facing the murderers—
they all benignly justify themselves:
"It's stifling hot . . ."
Stifling,
stifling with lies . . .
Russia,
lend us some of your snow!
But rumor—sheer delirium!—has it
that there's no snow in Russia now.
And fresh rumors
spread through Rome:
there are no more icebergs at the Pole,
books are smouldering
in the libraries;
in museums
the paint
is dripping
from the canvases.
And the city of languid nights does not sleep.
We must make a decision at once,
even if those,
who have nothing to breathe,
declare:
"We can't breathe!"
The world's skin
exudes dirty grease.
The world needs ventilating!
All the planes,
the rockets,
the destroyers,
all the automatic weapons,
the rifles,
and with them
the base metal in the orators' voices,
the bronze foreheads of the heads of state
who gambled and lost,
let them all be smelted down
to make ventilators,
ventilators,
ventilators!
Perhaps,
it might help . . .

—YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO.

Translated by George Reavey
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The Firearms Theater of the Absurd

CAN IT really be true that, a few score miles from where President Kennedy was assassinated by shots from a mail-order rifle, the following circumstances were allowed to occur: An ex-Marine named Charles Whitman quietly accumulated enough weapons to fill a footlocker without so much as having to register his lethal possessions, then ascended a tower at the University of Texas and, in less than an hour, fatally shot seventeen persons and wounded thirty others? Headlines attest that this did indeed happen, in Austin, Texas, in 1966.

Can any reasonable human being believe a story that an ex-mental patient was allowed to walk into a midtown Manhattan store and, with no more inconvenience than if buying a box of bonbons, purchase a rifle and ten rounds of ammunition—then, within the hour, carry his new purchases to nearby Bryant Park and fatally shoot two people and terrorize dozens of others? This, too, is on the record.

And what type of credulity is required to believe the report of a maladjusted Chicago boy and his parcel post arsenal? After perusing a catalogue, this teenager routinely mail-ordered a .30 caliber semi-automatic carbine, converted the weapon into an automatic capable of firing thirty rounds with one pull of the trigger, and last March carried the rifle and 1,050 rounds of ammunition into Waller High School. There he held a group of students and a teacher at gunpoint and shot six holes in the building before being subdued.

Much as this sequence of events seems plausible only in the context of some Theater of the Absurd, it is—to the disgrace of a nation that regards itself as responsible and humane—a chapter in our national life. For the United States is not only a nation of churches and parks and superhighways and industrial might; it also is a great civilian armed camp. At least 50,000,000 guns are in private hands in this country—whose hands and for what purposes no one can reasonably guess. In California alone, it is estimated, enough hand guns are sold each year to equip two military divisions.

What is the result of this unrestrained traffic in firearms? Since 1900, more Americans have been killed by privately owned guns than have died in battle in all the wars in which this nation has fought, including the Korean and Vietnam actions. Fifty Americans a day now die in civilian shooting incidents.

Can anything stem this torrent of tragedy?

Nothing, obviously, can halt it completely. But it is equally evident that neither are we powerless to improve the situation. The common denominator in the problem is uncontrolled access to and use of firearms.

Why should any individual—adult or minor, sane or insane, sportsman or criminal—be able to buy a lethal weapon via the United States Mail without any meaningful check on his identity or purposes? Why should firearms merchants be allowed, in publications circulated at subsidized mail rates, to advertise deadly weapons for unrestricted sale to all comers? Why should the most mischief-inviting, easily concealed firearm, the handgun, be purchasable by mail at all?

In Britain, one needs a certificate from local police to purchase a rifle, revolver, or pistol. Switzerland requires universal registration of all weapons within its borders. Such laws—moderate, enlightened, prudent—are typical of socially advanced civilized societies. Why should the United States, which has a history of violence of which no citizen can be proud, lack such fundamental social restraints?

Polls consistently have shown that more than two-thirds of the American public supports checks on firearms traffic. Civic groups such as the American Bar Association favor such checks. Yet each time any significant national reforms have been considered, a tightly organized, well-financed minority led by the National Rifle Association has managed to carry the day.

Congress now is considering firearms legislation once again. On the negative side of the debate is the lobby led by the NRA. On the positive side, advocating moderate but effective firearms regulation, is an amorphous, virtually fundless coalition of citizens, clergy, judges, police chiefs, and other public officials. They include President Johnson, Attorney General Ramsey Clark, and the majority of the President's Commission on Law Enforcement.

This spring, realizing the need for a counterforce to the publicity and lobbying power of the NRA, many of these advocates banded together in a nationwide group known as the National Council for a Responsible Firearms Policy. James V. Bennett, retired director of the federal bureau of prisons, is chairman, and directors include such prominent public figures as New York Mayor John V. Lindsay, Illinois State Treasurer

(*Continued on page* 52)

The Magnified Man

By Norma Farber

THE man in the paint-white trunks
on the redwood deck of the porch
in the palisaded garden
is peeling and plopping pieces
of fruit from the copper tray
beside him into the crystal
bowl at his feet thus cutting
my noon to bits who fitfully
watch him from fifteen storeys
high at an overhanging
pane through Bausch and Lomb
binoculars drawing him clear
with bananas intense as apples
intent on pears and oranges

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dr. Ferré and Peace

WITH GREAT APPRECIATION and joy I thank you for Nels F. S. Ferré's "Does Man Really Want Peace?" [*SR*, July 1]. If all would read and even partially understand what he says, perhaps his "Common Concern" could become a reality, and news of peace would insistently interrupt planned programing.

One sentence is truly necessary: "I believe that concerned commitment, as response to reality, or love's commitment to meet as far as possible all human needs, is our only answer to man's search for peace, the precondition for effective peace today and precisely the cure for his aversion to peace."

KATRINA LEHMAN.
Painesville, O.

THE DEVELOPMENT of Dr. Ferré's article was extremely absorbing. I was most interested in his treatment of meaninglessness as a precursor to boredom, frustration, fear, and, eventually, war.

I feel, however, that in his description of the fall of "scientism" he lacked the authority which he maintains in the remainder of the article. Scientism was rejected by the very priesthood that created it not because it was "traditionalistic" nor because it was afflicted with "feet of clay," but because it failed to meet the requirements of a faith. It fails, paradoxically, in that it does not answer man's questions.

Far from answering his questions, science and its methods will always present man with more unanswerable questions. Man will always need a faith to answer the questions that science can only uncover.

HENRY M. WILSON.
Durham, N.C.

IT WAS BOTH amusing and irritating to read Nels F. S. Ferré's article—amusing, because apparently Dr. Ferré has made the full journey from religious liberalism to tacit atheism; irritating because he won't admit the possibility of living without "faith."

Ferré will not acknowledge that a decision to live in an absurd world does not necessarily imply a faith of any kind in anything.

To mention only one possibility, the decision to live may be based on simple curiosity; it does not have to rest on any faith whatever. Nor does "life itself consist in choices of meanings," despite Ferré's assertion to this effect. We have no way of knowing whether life is meaningful or meaningless.

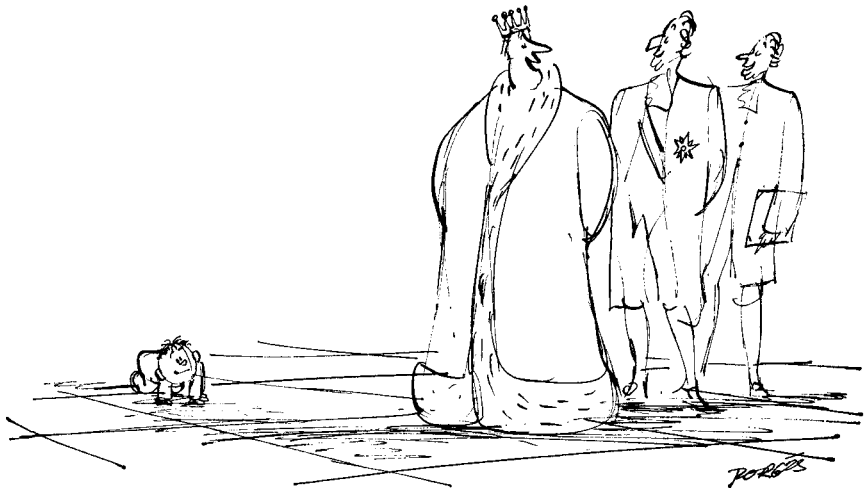
JESSE J. ROBERSON.
Phoenix, Ariz.

Use of the Bomb

IN REGARD TO N.C.'s editorial, "What Have We Learned?" [*SR*, June 24], and particularly his reference to those who might have used atomic bombs, I think the fact that President Truman authorized the use of two atomic bombs—at a time when talks to end the war in the Pacific were being seriously considered—should not be omitted from a discussion concerning governments and their leaders and their consideration of humanity.

SUSAN M. CALTHROP.
Vancouver, B.C., Canada

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Miss Calthrop is referred to the editorial, "China and the Hydrogen Bomb" [SR, July 8].*



"That's my dauphin!"

Book Crusade Moves West

I WAS VERY INTERESTED in Henry Brandon's column about distribution of books to underprivileged children in Washington ["Mrs. McNamara's Crusade," *SR*, June 17]. My "crusade" in Los Angeles was launched in June 1966. As of now, 10,000 books have been obtained. I hope to continue it as a community project—on a personal level.

The person-to-person contacts with parents and youngsters from my area and Watts and East Los Angeles have been most rewarding.

(MRS.) CARLYN F. BENJAMIN.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Mrs. Wortman Remembered

WE READ with sad hearts the obituary tribute "Doris Nash Wortman, 1890-1967" [*SR*, June 24]. It dawned on us that we had felt for a long time that we had been real friends, though we never met her. Our proud moment came when she accepted six of our constructions to be published at some future date in the fans' section of her book.

She taught us much and gave us countless happy hours of solving.

MR. AND MRS. FRED H. WAGNER.
Fredericksburg, Tex.

IT WAS with great sadness that I read of the passing of Doris Nash Wortman. I never had the pleasure of meeting her, but for some strange reason she appears in her picture just as I expected her to look.

DON PARTRIDGE.
Los Angeles, Calif.

IT WAS with a real sense of loss that I read of Mrs. Wortman's death. The Double-Crostic page will not be the same without her amazing knowledge and wit.

MRS. H. R. BUCHSER.
San Jose, Calif.

I FEEL a deep sense of loss in the death of our wonderful Mrs. Wortman. Thank you for the beautiful tribute you paid her. Please make plans for the publication in book form of her early puzzles. I am sure that there are many like me who would like to obtain them.

MURPHY A. ROOT.
Breckenridge, Tex.

A Trek After "Hugo"

CONGRATULATIONS to Robert Lewis Shayon for noticing *Star Trek* ["The Interplanetary Spock," TV-RADIO, June 17]. *Star Trek* is an excellent program. Even science fiction fans, a rabid and picky group in general, approve. In fact, it has been nominated for a "Hugo," one of the annual awards for the best science fiction novel, short story, etc.

DEVRA MICHELE LANGSAM.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Three-Door Model T

I AM INDEED indebted to E. H. Bowers's article, "Those Were the Pleasant Years" [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, June 17], for helping me to recall, however briefly, the sheer thrill of learning to drive a 1921 Model T Ford.

However, Mr. Bowers is in error in saying: "You could order the T in any style you wanted as long as it was a four-door touring and the color was black." Bowers is right only about the color. The 1921 T had just three doors; the front left was merely outlined through a stamp-out. A sedan style was also available; in fact, since 1915 Ford had been building a Tudor Sedan.

CHARLES F. HAMPTON,
Professor, School of General Education,
Ferris State College.
Big Rapids, Mich.

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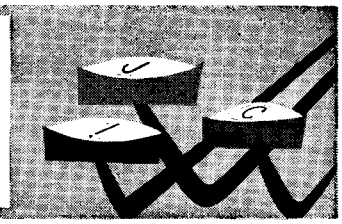
Manner of Speaking



Toward a More Militant Uncertainty: Some years ago, but only a veil or two back as the world blows, a Negro was consecrated as auxiliary bishop of New Orleans, and in the newspaper photo of the occasion (which I clipped and saved and then lost) I found a New Orleans housewife who was picketing the procession. Her sign proclaimed that Christ had chosen no "nonwhites" as his apostles.

Aside from thinking that "nonwhites" was an oddly prissy usage in what I guessed to be the context of her mind, I found myself wishing I might have been there to ask her how she could be sure. She *may* be right, but I am not at all sure that Scripture precludes the possibility of at least a little swarthiness among the apostles. The lady, I had to conclude, was given to being positive. She was not there to convey information from Scripture but to proclaim in public her personal indignation at what was going on.

That positive public assertion of statements that may or may not be true is, I believe, the essence of the twentieth-century ritual called "demonstration" or "a demonstration." The accuracy of the assertion is irrelevant. Anything partially true or possibly true is licensed for positive assertion—or, in a pinch, an impassioned lie will do. Even absurdity qualifies. Among the placards at one draft-card-burning I saw one that read: JESUS WOULD HAVE BURNED HIS DRAFT CARD! His draft card for what? The Roman Legions? He would have had to climb dozens of social notches before he could dream of being eligible.

The only thing that counts in the ritualized psyche of the demonstrator is emotional charge. It is the faith of this ritual that any absurdity, half-truth, or flat lie, when it is ardently and persistently proclaimed, will attract other emotionally charged persons to the demonstrators' cause, thereby establishing a mathematics of irrationality with which to persuade public opinion.

The woman from New Orleans was one I had met before in the newspapers, though her name has not stayed with me. Sometime ago she protested, as a Catholic mother, the integration of parochial schools in New Orleans, and carried her protest to the point at which she was adjudged contumacious by the church authorities, and was excommunicated. Her answer at that time was to picket her bishop. And there she was a few years later, still picketing. Am I wrong in sensing that her action is peculiarly and profoundly American? In what other country could a professed Catholic put together the assumptions that would permit the conclusion that a picket sign is its own sacrament and act of faith?

Excommunication is an inevitable enforcement of church authority. To Peter was given the vicarage and authority of Christ on earth, and it remains within the Pope's right to withhold all sacraments (though generally not last rites) from those who have shown by their contumacy that they are not in a fit state to receive them. Catholic creed does recognize that an excommunication may be pronounced in error, and that an excommunicated person may continue in the state of grace necessary for his soul's salvation. It nevertheless remains the duty of the faithful to be obedient to the church on pain of being excluded from the sacraments and from the body of the congregation. The excommunicated person is deprived of his readiest means of grace, and, at least in predominantly Catholic countries, is shut off from social contacts. The simple assumption, then, is that the person so threatened will be powerfully moved to repent his disobedience and to entreat humbly for readmission into the body of the faithful.

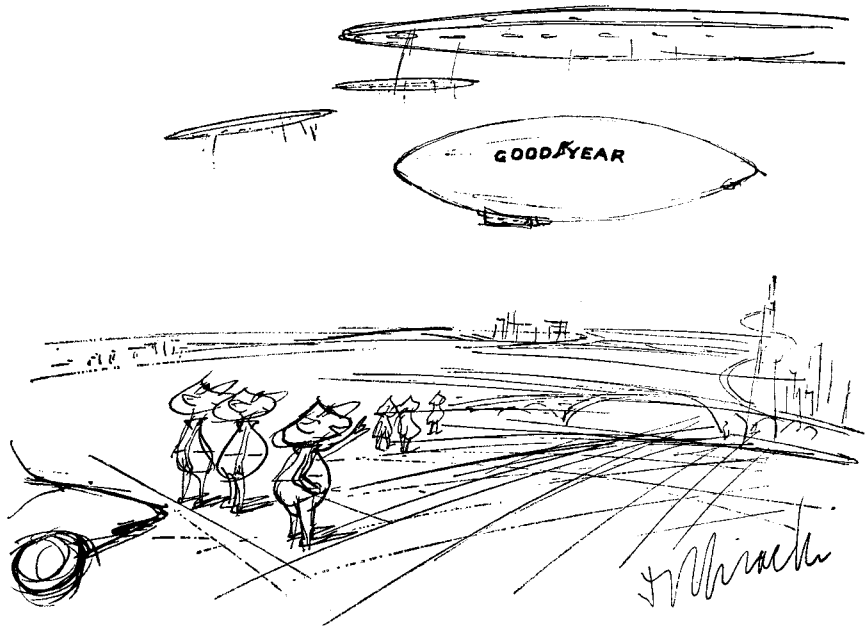
In its passage through history, however, this simple expedient of church authority has grown intricate. When Europe was a Catholic community, excommunication was a powerful political device. In those days, kings ruled not by the consent of the governed but by divine right. As Robert Herrick (I think) put it in one of his epigrams:

> 'Twixt kings and subjects there's this mighty odds:
> Subjects are ruled by kings; kings, by the Gods.

And though the idea of the divine right of kings was pre-Christian in its origins, it became naturally associated with the church. The excommunicated king (or feudal lord), therefore, was cut off from the central mystique of his power. He was left only what he could compel by his swords, and he could expect that many of the swords he might previously have counted on had melted away from him. When the church was itself a temporal state, it was easy to abuse excommunication as a political device. And a number of corrupt popes made a lucrative practice of excommunication because of the fines that could be imposed as a condition of lifting the ban.

These corruptions aside, excommunication began to acquire the complexities of all canon law, emerging in various degrees along with the lesser devices of *interdictum* and *suspensio*. Today, the two degrees are *vitandus* (pronounceable only by the Pope or by high authority for direct assault upon the Pope), and *toleratus*, which is pronounceable by local authority. In either case, the one possibility of readmission is through repentance, humble petition, correction (if possible) of the original offense, and the promise of future obedience. Kings have walked barefoot to Rome in order

(*Continued on page* 51)



"That's an ET-6, used for surveillance over certain areas on the planet Earth."

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Short Story Was His Medium

ALTHOUGH Stephen Crane died in his twenty-ninth year, he left a large body of writing. Indeed, *The Work of Stephen Crane*, when it was put together by Wilson Follett and published by Alfred A. Knopf in the Twenties, ran to twelve volumes, and at that, according to the specialists, it is incomplete. (Published in a small, very expensive edition, the set has long been out of print.)

One of the most diligent of Crane specialists, Professor Thomas A. Gullason of Rhode Island University, has performed a useful task by making Crane's prose available in two volumes. (*The Collected Poems*, 1930, is still in print, and a new and presumably more comprehensive collection of the poetry is being prepared.) In 1963 Gullason published *The Complete Short Stories and Sketches of Stephen Crane*, arranged as nearly as possible in chronological order; and now he has published *The Complete Novels of Stephen Crane* (Doubleday, $5.95).

Gullason wrote a long introduction for the first volume, and he has written an even longer one—nearly a hundred pages—for the second. He has a good deal to say about Crane's life and particularly the effect of his family on his work. He also discusses literary wellsprings, maintaining that too much has been made of the influence of Tolstoy and Zola, and finding Hamlin Garland more important to Crane's development than W. D. Howells. He talks about each of the six novels, usually in a perceptive fashion and without claiming too much for the lesser ones.

Although I am grateful for the information Gullason has provided in his introduction, I deplore the many lapses in his style. At the outset, for example, he speaks of Crane's father's "sermon-type books," a phrase that neither Bernstein nor the Evanses would sanction in formal prose. Crane, he says, "had a strong and mystic-like yearning for the death-wish." (How does one yearn for a wish?) "Stephen must have also been impressed by Howells's courage to defend the naturalism of Tolstoy. . ." "Usually when he voiced an opinion about an author his attitude rarely changed." "Instead of plots, Stephen Crane usually thought in terms of sketches—in both his novels and short stories—because, for one, he was interested in a 'dramatic' point of view." One what? "Crane has shown a marked improvement in controlling his style and to make it work with and not against his theme." George (in *George's Mother*) "thinks that life with Bleecker and his hoodlums give [sic] him position and purpose, but they are sterile traps and help to destroy him."

As for the six novels, one of them—*The Red Badge of Courage*—is familiar to everyone, and deserves to be. Two, *Maggie* and *George's Mother*, are known to Crane's admirers, and, though they have obvious flaws, are of literary importance. The other three I had never read, partly because they were hard to come by, partly because the critics seemed to agree that they were no great shakes.

I am now in a position to say that I haven't been missing much. *The Third Violet*, begun shortly after the success of *The Red Badge*, contains scarcely a line that couldn't have been written by any one of the scores of hack writers who were contributing serials to the popular magazines of the Nineties. The young farmer-artist and the beautiful heiress who meet at a summer resort are as lifeless as the dummies in a store window. (The "kittenish" Howells, as Gullason calls him, treated a similar theme with infinitely more vitality and insight in *The Landlord of Lion's Head*.) The secondary story, which is laid in Greenwich Village garret studios and features a cigarette-smoking model, is sickeningly coy with its hints at naughtiness. One would almost say that the man who had written *The Red Badge* and *Maggie* couldn't have written *The Third Violet* if he had been trying to win a bet.

Active Service is even worse. In 1897 Crane covered a brief war between Greece and Turkey for the *New York Journal* and the *Westminster Gazette*. After his return to England, his friend Harold Frederic, whose early novel, *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, Crane had admired, urged him to write a novel that would make use of his experiences as a war correspondent. Once more he concocted a conventional romance: a newspaper reporter, known to be "fast," falls in love with the daughter of a distinguished professor; the professor whisks his daughter off to Greece to get her away from this undesirable suitor; the outbreak of war gives the reporter a chance to follow her and to perform various heroic deeds. Again the secondary theme introduces a woman of dubious virtue, an actress turned correspondent, and again the good girl gets her man. All this is bad enough; but in order to utilize his war material Crane

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botched the telling of the story, which was feeble enough to begin with.

It is not surprising that Crane, desperate for money, should note the great popularity of historical romances in the late Nineties and decide to have a try. Gullason insists that *The O'Ruddy* was deliberate satire. I can believe that Crane was, in the current phrase, putting his potential public on; but he hoped that they wouldn't know and would buy the book. He died before he had finished it, and the completion was left to a friend, Robert Barr. The early chapters are pleasantly lively, but Crane seems to have grown weary of his job before he was forced to abandon it.

Our literary history is full of writers whose powers declined in their later years, but I know of no case quite like Crane's. In the first place, *The Third Violet* is not simply inferior to *The Red Badge* in the way that Faulkner's *The Mansion* is inferior to *The Hamlet*, or Hemingway's *Across the River and Into the Trees* to *The Sun Also Rises*. It is in a completely different category, as Elia Kazan's *The Arrangement*, say, is in a different category from *The Brothers Karamazov*. In the second place, Crane's literary powers had not failed in the last three or four years of his life; it was then that he wrote his greatest short stories—"The Open Boat," "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky," "The Monster," and "The Blue Hotel."

That he needed to write books that might sell, and therefore tried to cater to popular taste, is understandable. Men of even greater genius have written potboilers, but there has almost always been a touch of genius in the work that kept the pot boiling. Now that I realize to what depths Crane fell in these late novels, I find the problem of his life and work doubly perplexing.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1250

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1250 will be found in the next issue.

E YCJ'H PJCG OAWQ ZSCAH

ORYEWEJR, SAH E PJCG GQZH

E DEPR. —NRBRDOZJ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1249

To most people a savage nation is one that doesn't wear uncomfortable clothes. —Finley Peter Dunne.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Greek Justice

Mr. Robert Clements bewails [*SR*, June 3] for Mr. Andreas Papandreou, presenting him as a dedicated patriot, struggling to bring Greece "out of feudalism" and suffering now in the hands of the Greek overlords like Kazantzakis's Manolios.

All the above, from the beginning to the end, are lies:

1. Mr. Papandreou himself never contended that he is a dedicated patriot, nor a simple one in the true sense of patriotism, that is in the sense of personal sacrifice, because, as everybody knows well, when between 1940 and 1949 our country (Greece) was fighting against Fascism, Nazism and Communism, Mr. Papandreou, although the proper age, did not come here and fight on the side of all other Greeks. He preferred to stay in the USA very, very far from the war dangers. . . . Let Mr. Clements know that his friend came to Greece in the recent peaceful years on the purpose of a $2,000 a month salary.

2. Greece is not under feudalism (at least, not more than France or Italy, etc., are) and therefore has not the need of anyone to bring her out of that sinful situation. . . .

3. Mr. Papandreou is not accused of what Mr. Clements asserts but he is accused of plotting against the security of the country. Please note that he could have proven his innocence by presenting himself to justice months before the establishment of today's government, but he was not eager to do that. On the contrary, he did everything, with the help of his father, the ex-prime minister, to avoid the presentation to justice.

4. In any case, Mr. Clements must not fear for the fate of his friend because he is not in the hands of the overlords and the churchmen of Kazantzakis's imagination. He is not, too, in the hands of rebels with whom he collaborated for two years, as he declared, to destroy the economy of the country. Mr. Papandreou is in the hands of Greek justice, which is as honorable as the justice of every civilized European country.

Fotis Lampropulos.

Athens, Greece

As co-secretary of the 700-member American-Canadian University Committee for Andreas Papandreou, I am accustomed to misrepresentations of Dr. Papandreou, which now emanate understandably from Athens, but less understandably from Washington. Even the dictator Patakos has assured us in writing that Greek justice will be "unbiased" at Dr. Papandreou's cynical "treason" trial. It will suffice that I reply merely to Mr. Lampropulos's two principal charges to gain an idea of the kind of "justice" that will characterize this forthcoming trial.

Charge: Dr. Papandreou was a slacker during World War II, betaking himself "very, very far from the war dangers." *Fact*: Dr. Papandreou left his Harvard teaching voluntarily to enlist for over two years of combat service with the U.S. Navy in the Pacific area. Athens (and Washington) may choose to forget this vital fact, but his hundreds of academic colleagues in Harvard, Northwestern, Minnesota, and Berkeley do not.

Charge: Dr. Papandreou could have waived his parliamentary immunity and stood trial in connection with the alleged Aspida plot of liberal generals. *Fact*: He offered to do so, but was overruled by his party. It has now been widely demonstrated by European and American newspapers (*e.g.*, the New York *Post*) that this "plot" was framed by a planted foreign press secretary in his own office, whom he dismissed and whose activities he repudiated once Dr. Papandreou was aware of them. The Army did not want the Union Centrist party to win in the May elections, which it sabotaged with the blessing of influential foreign friends, as Papandreou would have emerged as the leader of that party. What better than to trump up the charges it has?

Robert J. Clements.

New York, N.Y.

TR Sprang on Little Texas

In his letter [*SR*, June 17] in reference to the battle of San Juan Hill, Brayton Harris was correct in pointing out that the horses of the troopers were left back on the beach in Florida, but he is mistaken in his assertion that Theodore Roosevelt was on foot. The officers had been allowed to take their horses to Cuba, and Roosevelt was mounted on a wiry steed named "Little Texas." In his book on the Rough Riders, page 124, he says: ". . . I sprang on my horse and then my 'crowded hour' began."

Mr. Harris makes another error in stating that the Rough Riders were commanded by Leonard Wood instead of Roosevelt. On June 25, the day following the Americans' first battle on Cuban soil, that at Las Guasimas, the brigade commander, General S. B. M. Young, was stricken with fever, and Wood replaced him, while Roosevelt stepped up to the regimental command and thus, on horseback, led the Rough Riders up San Juan Hill on July 1.

Virgil Carrington Jones.

Washington, D.C.

Credit Due

We thank you for the notice concerning our two publications contained in "A Quarter-Century of Milestones" [*SR*, June 10]. However, the name of The Catholic University of America Press was omitted, making the reference irrelevant.

The Catholic University of America Press, Inc.

Washington, D.C.

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A Unique Global People

The Jews Among the Nations, *by Erich Kahler (Frederick Ungar. 149 pp. $4.75), considers the uniqueness of the Jewish experience, its sources and its effects. Books by anthropologist Ashley Montagu include "The American Way of Life" and "On Being Human."*

By ASHLEY MONTAGU

THIS book is an extraordinary achievement. In 149 pages the author manages to tell the reader more than much larger volumes or even encyclopedias have about the Jews, their history, the problem of their identity, their relationships with various peoples including the Germans and the Arabs, and the attitudes of other nationalities toward them. I have not the least hesitation, having read a representative number of works on the subject, in declaring *The Jews Among the Nations* by far the best ever written. It could only have been accomplished by a scholar of Erich Kahler's quality.

As a Jew, European by birth and education and American by naturalization, Erich Kahler is among the last of the polymaths. The author of several of the great books of our time—*Man the Measure* (1943), *The Tower and the Abyss* (1956), and *The Meaning of History* (1965)—Kahler is in the tradition of the great humanist-scholars. He has great learning at his command, and he writes with sensitivity and compassion.

The Jews Among the Nations consists of three long essays and an appendix. In the opening section Kahler considers the question "What are the Jews?" This is a problem that has exercised many a scholar, and has defeated virtually all. Kahler, so far as I know, is the first to offer a genuinely convincing answer. The Jews, he shows, are neither a "race," a religious group, nor a nation. What are they, then? A transnational tribe, says Kahler, "a group that has grown out of religion, and whose primal core is religion." The uniqueness of the Jews as a tribe, however, lies in their involvement in and concern for the destiny of humanity at large. The substance of their particularity lies in their universality.

And, as Kahler says, "This combination made for an existence that was fraught with peril. Both these extremes, separately and jointly, alternately and concurrently, acted as a constant challenge to the peoples of the world; they were the source of the persistent hostility of the other peoples toward the Jews. And yet it is this very combination that helped the Jewish people to survive . . ."

Kahler's discussion of this whole matter is the most penetrating I have read, and while some objection may be foreseen to the characterization of the Jews as a tribe, it will be neither scientific nor sustainable whatever its grounds.

Kahler's second essay, "The Jews in Europe," is an absorbing and moving account, and a masterpiece of condensation. It is a model of the way such things should be done, but I rather suspect it could be imitated only by those who possess Kahler's rare combination of genius, knowledge, and understanding. It tells a tragic and at the same time a heroic story of a people who have been made to suffer much because they have given much. Without harshness and without criticism the author presents the facts, and they are devastating—especially to the Christian church. Discrimination against and persecution of the Jews began very early in the church's history. These crimes, fully documented in Kahler's pages (as in numerous other works), led to a psychosis that ultimately resulted in Hitler's "Final Solution."

God, wrote St. Augustine, had set the mark of Cain upon the Jews, "lest any finding them should kill them." They should not be destroyed, therefore, but preserved as the "witnesses of their guilt and of our truth," servants to the Christian peoples forever (*"Ecce Judaeus servus est Christiani"*). St. Thomas Aquinas, and other Church Fathers, reiterated these views again and again. The attitude determined the fate of European Jews right down into modern times, and it is only from this point of departure that their fate can be accurately understood.

The third section, "The Jews and the Germans," presents one aspect of the progressive dehumanization that has overtaken the greater part of the Western world, culminating in the Nazi nightmare. It was, however, no accident that genocidal mania should have found its most ruthless expression in Germany. The relationship between the Jews and the Germans was, as Kahler points out, one of profound affinity and profound difference. Both are transnational peoples, even though in dissimilar and mutually antagonistic ways. The Jews transcended their earthly statehood by becoming a global people. The Germans never achieved anything more than a shallow, insecure unification. Their frustrated aspirations to power found a target in the Jews as readymade scapegoats.

The appendix records a debate that took place in early 1944 between the Arabic scholar Philip K. Hitti, Albert Einstein, and Kahler. Nothing could be more topical, for Professor Hitti presents the Arab case with which we are now all familiar, to which Einstein and Kahler reply, it seems to me, quite unanswerably.

Indeed, I can think of no book on the Jews in the modern world more timely than this.

"If yours is such a free-soaring, untrammeled, irrepressible spirit, why do you still want to live here at home with me and Mumsy?"

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The Uncharted Future of Faith

The New Christianity: An Anthology of the Rise of Modern Religious Thought, *by William Robert Miller (Delacorte. 393 pp. $6.95);* ***Alternatives to Christian Belief: A Critical Survey of the Contemporary Search for Meaning,*** *by Leslie Paul (Doubleday. 227 pp. $4.95);* ***No Other God,*** *by Gabriel Vahanian (Braziller. 114 pp. $4), and* ***The Future of Belief: Theism in a World Come of Age,*** *by Leslie Dewart (Herder & Herder. 223 pp. $4.95), express varying reactions to the current religious revolution. Rudolph Muska is professor of philosophy at Heidelberg College in Tiffin, Ohio.*

By RUDOLPH MUSKA

IF NOTHING else, the current state of Christian faith and practice is certainly revolutionary. Neither the painfully slow concessions of the Vatican nor the stubborn resistance of Protestant conservatives should becloud the fact that the most fundamental truths and stable concepts of Christianity are now in the process of radical reappraisal, modification, even rejection.

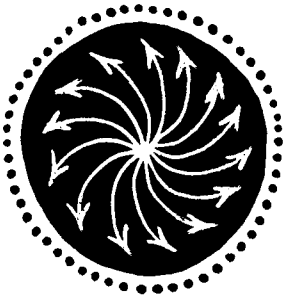
The striking thing about all this, however, is that the new restlessness, skepticism, and atheism do not come from outside the church but from its own spokesmen and leaders. Nor do they involve trivial matters. One reads that Dutch Roman Catholic theologians are questioning everything from the doctrine of transubstantiation to the sinfulness of premarital intercourse. Or, again, one finds prominent theologians like William Hamilton and Thomas Altizer proclaiming that God is "truly dead"—not merely rejected by modern culture but irrevocably absent. In only a few years terms like "Christian Atheism," "Eclipse of God," "Secular Gospel," "Religionless Christianity" have become so common that even the layman cannot escape them in the daily news media, let alone in the sanctuary.

In one way or another, all the books in this review assess, react to, or contribute to the current religious revolution. Gabriel Vahanian's *No Other God* is essentially a declamation against the "Death of God" theology; Leslie Paul's *Alternatives to Christian Belief* is an oblique apologetic for the Christian view of life, and Leslie Dewart's *The Future of Belief* is a prospectus for a radical reformulation of the basic structures of Christian faith. It is William Miller's *The New Christianity*, however, that provides the background for the whole business and enables the average reader to discern some of its contours and main ideas.

THE selections in Miller's anthology make apparent three main stages in the emergence of the present situation. The first – the nineteenth century – is the period of the precursors and predecessors, when the accepted concepts of religion were contested by seminal thinkers such as Schleiermacher. This was the era of the great challenges to traditional religion: Schleiermacher against the exteriority and transcendence of the divine, Feuerbach against the established dogmas of the church, Kierkegaard against the rationalization of Christianity, Nietzsche against the complacency of the religious.

The second stage comprised the first half of the present century – a time marked by cultural, political, scientific, and philosophical transitions, and of course the shock of worldwide conflict. It was during these years that the great systematic theologies were formulated by such giants as Barth and Tillich.

The third phase is the present decade, with its awareness that the post-Christian age has arrived. This is the era of radical theology, where a bewildered believer is confronted with the Christian Atheism of Altizer or Hamilton on the one hand, and the radically overhauled New Christianity of Robinson, Cox, or Dewart on the other. On either side such familiar conceptions as "God the Father Almighty" and "Christ His only Son Our Lord" seem to have been not only reformulated but lost or destroyed altogether. This is what the new theology is all about, as Miller's choice of readings makes evident. He provides an excellent anthology—the best currently available of readable source material by representatives of the movement.



So much for the general view. Opening the texts by Vahanian and Paul, we find two reactions to the present situation. Both writers may be considered, with proper qualifications, defenders of the faith, for in the last analysis each repudiates the new theology. Leslie Paul's book is on the whole enjoyable and informative, ranging widely over the intellectual scene. The author maintains two arguments: one concerning contemporary theology, the other dealing with current ideologies. His own theological posture is revealed in the introductory chapter, where he deplores the present trend of Christian self-criticism to move from transcendent God incarnate in Christ to secular religion. "For reasons no matter how good, Christianity along this dimension becomes a kind of humanism or secularism, giving up that strong separateness and uniqueness of doctrine which made it a theological fortress down the centuries."

The bulk of the book, however, consists of a "critical survey of the contem-

WIT TWISTER #17

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. A sample, well known among lovers of anagrams:

Good landlord, fill the flowing
— — — —
Until their — — — — run over!
Tonight, we'll — — — — upon
this — — — —;
Tomorrow, — — — — for Dover!

(Answers: *pots, tops, stop, spot, post.*)

•

Now try this Wit Twister:

That — — — — — parson,
whose mien seems meek,
Whose — — — — — are modest,
and whose cheek
Says "Smite me if ye will, ye
vermin,"
— — — — — us weekly with
his sermon.

(*Answer on page* 51)

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porary search for meaning," which the author finds himself "endlessly impelled to explore" and with which Christianity is constantly faced. This provides the substance for his second argument. Here he examines the optimistic humanism of Julian Huxley and Teilhard de Chardin, the pessimistic humanism of Tennyson and Russell, the social and historical utopianisms of Marx and Toynbee, the existentialism of Kierkegaard and Sartre, dynamic and behavioristic psychology, and logical positivism, as well as the themes of affliction, alienation, and dehumanization in modern literature and plays.

Only in the concluding chapter does Paul return again to the crisis in Christian thought. In the light of theological research and scholarship and in the face of hostile philosophical analysis is it possible, he asks, "to say what Christianity is? Somehow, however naïve, the effort must be made." His answer, though uncomplicated, is unoriginal. It is basically the same as that given by Samuel Craig in his somewhat quaint book *Christianity Rightly So Called*, written in the Forties: no matter what people would like Christianity to be, we must defer to what its founders said it was. In effect, Leslie Paul urges the same thing. The early Christians made metaphysical assertions about the incarnation of God in Christ, and the Gospels made Jesus divine. Now this may be "totally uncongenial to contemporary thought," Paul admits. "If so, Christianity is dead for this age. But nothing is gained by asserting a Christianity of a pure immanence."

Of course, contemporary radical theologians know all this, as did the "'modernists" against whom Craig wrote some time ago. The tortuous question is, "What is Christianity for *today*?" and not, "What did the early writers and believers understand it to be?" Paul's conclusion is that secular philosophies, and by inference secular religion, fail to provide man with a satisfactory world-view. The suggestion is that historical Christianity, while neither proven nor perfect, is the most adequate alternative.

As already indicated, Vahanian's *No Other God* contains a direct attack upon the Death of God theology, to which the author had earlier referred as an "incipient post-Christian idolatry." Though the present volume is slender it is densely packed. Coining colorful words ("anthropolatry," "coinherence"), speaking in aphorisms ("to understand oneself is to stand under God"), and displaying dialectical finesse, Vahanian affects a defense of (neo)orthodoxy by a rhetorical attack upon the popular misconceptions of Christian faith. His contention that religion in a post-Christian age represents a dilution and distortion of the gospel is reminiscent of Kierkegaard's critique of Christendom.

The book is largely critical—almost a tirade. The degeneration of Christianity into Christendom, Christology into Christosophy, theology into atheosophy, is thus a recurrent theme, and radical theology is treated as one symptom of the religious malaise. Here man's fertile mind, constantly prone to idol-making, has taken a cultural phenomenon and transformed it into an article of faith. But the resultant secularism is an inversion of the gospel, a dissolution of eschatological faith, and a confusion of the malady with the remedy.

There can be no faith without secularity, however; in this respect Vahanian is on the side of the angels. This was the insight of Bonhoeffer, who perceived that true religion is secular, *i.e.*, requires involvement in the world. But the German theologian's proposal for a religionless Christianity has been construed as a godless Christianity, and the attempt to define Christianity without God (as Bonhoeffer appeared to do) turns into nonsense and only paves the way for secularism.

Where, then, lies the solution to the present situation? Well, it's not to be found in new studies of non-Western religions or new philosophies of religion. No better is a return to literalism, dogmatism, or other-worldly piety, for all of these either seek salvation in the paraphernalia of religion or else become new forms of idolatry.

Vahanian's main points—his critique of Christian Atheism, his arguments for the need for Christological theology and the immersion of the church in the world—are best expressed in this passage:

> It is easy to do away with theo-logy. How does one do away with idolatry? Nor is there any point in rejecting anthropomorphism only in order to rush headlong into anthropolatry, or Christosophy. Without God no Jesus: this is the corollary of the New Testament's without Jesus no God. . . . There is no city of God unless it assumes the city of man, and there is no Christian community unless it asserts the community of man. A Church which is one institution among others ceases to be *in* the world and becomes part *of* the world.

Of the books reviewed in this article, Leslie Dewart's is easily the most radical and refreshing, especially since it comes from a Catholic philosopher. Dewart's radicalism, however, is far from that of Altizer and Hamilton. His purpose is not to question the fundamental realities of faith but to remind us that these realities do not necessarily imply the concepts used to convey them. His thesis is that the thought forms in which Chris-

(*Continued on page* 41)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

ECHOIC

Shakespeare and Fowler were fond of aphonous reduplications like "hugger-mugger" and "popsy-wopsy." Jeanne Pollett of Los Angeles has selected a group of these in which the only change in the repeated element is from an *i* to an *a*, and she asks you to guess them from the given clues. Tiptop puzzlers won't need to turn to page 40.

1. _ _ i _ _ _ a _	hocus-pocus
2. _ i _ _ _ a _ _	folksy décor
3. _ i _ _ _ a _ _	hoi polloi
4. _ i _ _ _ _ _ a _ _ _ _	tintinnabulation
5. _ i _ _ _ a _ _	hodgepodge
6. _ i _ _ a _	tack
7. _ i _ _ _ a _ _	noisemaker
8. _ _ i _ _ _ a _	cocktail accompaniment
9. _ i _ _ _ - _ a _ _ _	weak tea
10. _ i _ _ _ _ - _ a _ _ _ _	poppycock
11. _ i _ _ _ _ - _ a _ _ _ _	puny pedestrian passing
12. _ _ i _ _ _ - _ _ a _ _ _	what poor Jenny did
13. _ _ i _ _ _ _ a _ _	bric-à-brac
14. _ i _ _ a _	before Western Union

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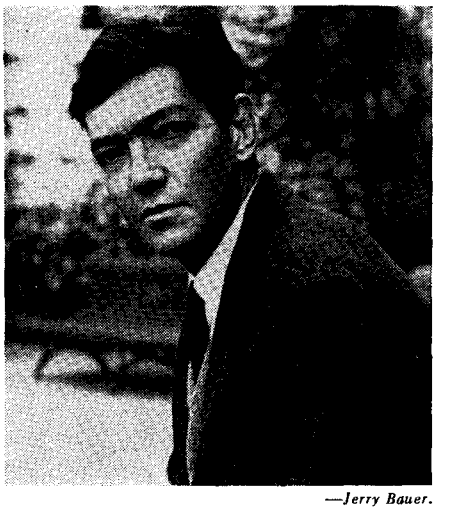
Spun from Fanciful Intuitions



—Jerry Bauer.

Julio Cortázar—"some surprises."

End of the Game and Other Stories, *by Julio Cortázar, translated from the Spanish by Paul Blackburn (Pantheon. 277 pp. $5.95), illuminates the artistic development of the author of "The Winners" and "Hopscotch." Now teaching in Buenos Aires under the Fulbright Program, Donald A. Yates is preparing a biography of Jorge Luís Borges.*

By DONALD A. YATES

THE TWO previous English-language translations of the work of the Argentine author Julio Cortázar, *The Winners* (1965) and *Hopscotch* (1966), strikingly illustrate the enormous progress that can be realized by a talented and ambitious writer between his first and second novels. *The Winners,* published first in Spanish in 1960, is a well-conceived but uneven and pretentious account of a mysterious cruise taken by a group of Argentine lottery prizewinners. *Hopscotch,* which originally appeared in Buenos Aires in 1963, is a long, difficult but undeniably masterful work, the product of a writer whose intellectual grasp of the essence of the novelistic genre is so thorough that he is compelled to play (in the creative sense) with its elements and to elaborate on its traditional form. In fact *Hopscotch* has been labeled in some quarters Latin America's first "great" novel.

All fifteen stories in *End of the Game* were written before Cortázar published his first novel, and the majority reflect an earlier period when the author appeared to be quite content to spin out a highly polished little tale, compactly constructed around a single fanciful intuition that had little to say about life within its lines and nothing to say between them.

Thus it is that here we journey backward from *Hopscotch.* Curious indeed is this early fictional world populated with characters imprisoned within the limited dimensions of the author's intellectual fantasies. In an interview a few years back Cortázar confessed that these stories were actually annoying

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The author: Julio Cortázar was waiting outside the *caisse* at the Casino Municipal in Aix-en-Provence. It was a windy day in the Provençal city of fountains and plane trees, but Mr. Cortázar was in a short-sleeved, open-necked shirt. Tall, gangling, and rawboned, he seemed to be enjoying the buffetings of the morning mistral. Later, over coffee in the back room of a nearby café, the fifty-three-year-old Argentine author talked about differences between short-story and novel writing.

"Sometimes when I am working on a novel, I interrupt myself to write a short story because at that particular time a short story has come upon me. That is all there is to it. A short story is like a poem; it falls upon you. Both the writer and the reader must be plunged into it from the fifth line if it is any good.

"But a novel is something entirely different. Too many novelists think that they can write short stories the way they would chapters of a novel. It cannot be done. A novel is like a chain of mountains. It can go on and on. A short story must be neat, complete, closed. Everything in it must be perfect, and that is why it is the more difficult of the two to write. Novel writing, as far as I am concerned, is a craft. It is something one can learn how to do, but one must be born a short-story writer."

Mr. Cortázar took a sip of his coffee. He is black-haired, freckled, and of astonishingly youthful appearance.

"Good writing, I think, must tap the subconscious. Writing is imagination, culture, métier, but, above all, it is something you cannot explain. When I write a short story, even I do not know when I begin what the ending will be. My stories are often fantastic: they are closer to the English than the American idea of a short story. I said before that a story falls on you. It falls on you like a phantom, and you must follow the lead of the phantom."

He paused, beckoned to the waiter, and softly ordered more coffee before continuing.

"You see, a great deal of my writing comes from my dreams—real dreams, dreams in sleep. When I don't know where my writing is going, I stop. Then I dream, and the ending comes."

Mr. Cortázar left Argentina for France in 1951 at the time of dictator Juan Perón. "I was against him, and in France I found a country where I was happier than at home." Although he has frequently been called a more European than South American writer, the Argentineans, he commented, "think that what I write is quite Argentine in language—in spirit."

A winter resident of Paris, Cortázar spends his summers in Saignon, not far from Aix-en-Provence. In Paris he works as a free-lance translator of French and English into Spanish for UNESCO. Translation is a good intellectual discipline, he believes, and he has often been praised for the precision and beauty of his language.

Now, he asserts, is the time to move away from the traditional novel form. As he talked of experimental methods Cortázar's blue eyes were alight with excitement. His last novel, *Hopscotch,* was written to be read, not from beginning to end, but back and forth. "I was trying to break the habits of readers—not just for the sake of breaking them, but to make the reader free. The characters were searching for a new road in life—a new reason for the world. There is something wrong in Western civilization today: it has missed its route. But the way to find a new route is not to go back into history. The new route is to be found in the soul—in the heart—in the depths of each man. We should abandon much of our culture, our judgments, our civilization in seeking the new route. I wrote *Hopscotch* as I did to enable the reader to grow very angry and independent and to hurl my book out the window if he chose.

"In my new novel—which I must let rest a bit before it is published—space and time are left completely by the wayside. There are moments in it when the reader will not know where or when the action is taking place."

With that, Mr. Cortázar smoothed a handsomely arched brow, shook hands firmly, and strode out of the dark café into the brisk mistral.

—PHYLLIS MÉRAS.

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owing to the invariably high degree of success he felt he sustained in composing them. He tried a variety of experiments in the years 1951 to 1959, and all of them worked.

"Axolotl," for example, is brilliantly narrated: a man stares for days at an exotic aquarium fish that has an oddly human face; he feels empathy with it, wonders what it is thinking, wonders—and then they switch. A similar transmigration occurs in "The Distances," this time involving two women who are mystically aware of each other long before they meet for the first time. Attractive ideas.

In "House Taken Over," the ridiculous fate that befalls the smug, meticulous bachelor brother and spinster sister in their tidy little house is possibly what they fully deserve. But Cortázar withholds any satirical emphasis where it might seem expected: the perfectly logical inanity of their gradual eviction from the premises is the effect he plays for.

The reader will be condemned to remember always the central situation of "Letter to a Young Lady in Paris." Kafka's monstrous human bug, Gregor Samsa, was afflicted by a condition that left him a social outcast. Cortázar's young man, however, is reasonably well adjusted to his own peculiar problem; and it is his matter-of-fact description of it that makes the story so maddeningly unforgettable.

"Continuity of Parks" is a perfect page-and-a-half story. A game. "The Night Face Up" simliarly builds to a surprise ending. Yet Cortázar displays throughout his stories the ability to elevate them above the condition of those gimmicky tales which depend for effect solely on a twist ending. His genius here lies in the knack for constructing striking, artistically "right" subordinate circumstances out of which his fantastic and metaphysical whimsies appear normally to spring.

The locales of the stories are mostly Argentina and Paris, the places Cortázar knows best. However, the realistic setting of Paris comes through much more graphically than that of Argentina. The jazz music background of "The Pursuer," whose main character was inspired by the late Charlie Parker, is exceedingly effectively drawn. But even though this story reflects Cortázar's "second style" (a less cerebral, more human approach to people and situations), old sophistic preferences persist: the jazz musician is obsessed with the idea of Time.

Hopscotch, we realize, represents a third stage in Cortázar's development. For the reader acquainted with the profundities and existential tone of that novel the present collection of short stories will hold some surprises.

Man in a Masquerade

***The Singing Lizard**, by John Knowler (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 157 pp. $4.95), reveals beneath a young man's apologia for a lost love a latent homosexuality. Joan Joffe Hall, a free-lance critic, teaches English at the University of Connecticut.*

By JOAN JOFFE HALL

FROM the town of Aigues-Mortes, where he weeps and lights candles, Nick, a young English law student, writes this confession in an attempt to understand the death of his love affair. He was engaged to a little music student named Jennifer, who comes from a vulgar family he can't stand. The one possible exception is her father, whom he prefers to his own parents. His detestation of Jen's brother Ted for flirting with his sister in a way that seems to Nick unnatural leads first to Nick's running a car over Ted's foot, then to the deterioration of the engagement, and finally to a fight during which Ted kicks him in the groin.

Nick tells his story with considerable tension. However, none of Jen's family seems quite as awful as he claims. Certainly, her mother, who wets herself in company sooner than ask for the bathroom, is pathetic rather than hateful. Nick's condemnations don't receive adequate dramatic support, and one becomes suspicious of his reliability. This is especially true of his relationship with Ted. Nick first suggests to Jen that Ted wants her sexually (one scene strongly supports this) but has her vicariously through him, and when Jen ridicules that idea he accuses her of having Ted through him. It never occurs to Nick that his fix on Ted is equally sick.

A virgin before he met Jen, convinced by his mother that sex is dirty, Nick even in his sex fantasies keeps men and women apart; surely his obsession with Ted is latently homosexual, finding its expression and release in their fight, after which he flees England. Jen's father raises lizard canaries and once had a hen that sang, an unusual creature since generally only cocks sing. On one level Jen is that canary; on another, Nick himself.

Furthermore, Ted is Nick's conscience, exploiting his shame for sleeping with Jen and then being unable to marry her. Because Nick's guilt is unacknowledged and his confidence in his masculinity uncertain, Ted wields a sinister power over him. Nick can't handle Ted since he can't cope with and won't face himself.

The economy and precision of John Knowler's style cannot be faulted, yet the book suffers from being Nick's story. Because of his dislike for people the other characters aren't fully convincing: his own parents are stereotypes and even Jen and Ted are blurred. They are blurred to themselves, of course; that's the point. A disagreeable, weak lot, they can have "fun" only in disguise at a masquerade ball. Nick, Ted, and Jen—none of them is sympathetic; that John Knowler can sustain the reader's interest for the length of the book is an extraordinary accomplishment.

Blue-eyed Tar with Scar: The celebrated face of Jeanne Moreau looks moodily into space on the dust jacket of Marguerite Duras's novel *The Sailor from Gibraltar* (Grove, $5.95).

Originally published fifteen years ago in France, this story of a wealthy woman's quest for an idealized love has recently been made into a movie and translated into English by Barbara Bray, doubtless because of Mme. Duras's present reputation as the author of *Hiroshima Mon Amour* and other works.

It is a charming though slight novel. The ravishing Anna, aboard her splendid yacht, sails from port to port trying to find a sailor she once loved. From time to time she takes a temporary lover with her on the search. The latest of these is the narrator, a passionately bored young man on vacation, who has just thrown over a much more conventional girl. Life on the yacht, he feels, would at least be more interesting than continuing to fill out birth, marriage, and death certificates at the Colonial Ministry.

Who was the sailor from Gibraltar, asks the narrator, to which Anna nonchalantly replies, "A murderer. Twenty years old."

"What else?"

"Nothing else. When you're a murderer, you're nothing else, especially if you're only twenty."

And that is just about all we learn of Anna's sailor, except that he had remarkably blue eyes and a scar on his head, and that the man he strangled

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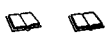
was Nelson Nelson, the American ball-bearings king, who with such a title was bound to be murdered by someone.

The novel is all sun and sea and beautiful people making love, drinking whisky, and having romantic conversations like Hemingway characters. Mme. Duras is wonderful at dialogue, and good at everything else, so she has written a very attractive book.

—DORRIE PAGONES.



Quixote with Longhorns: Without fanfare, a new group of novelists has begun to grapple with the relevance to modern America of the Old West myth. These men—among them Benjamin Capps, Frederick Manfred, Larry McMurtry—are engaged in pointing up both the values and the falsehoods of our Wild West conceptions.

Now a young Texan, Robert Flynn, enters the field with a powerful first novel, *North to Yesterday* (Knopf, $5.95).

Reminiscent of Stephen Crane's "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky," *Yesterday* reflects the tall, broad, uproarious flavor of classic frontier humor; at the same time it is an ungentle satire on the foolishness of those who live in the past, as well as the blindness of those who turn their backs on it.

After twenty years of being chained to a crossroads Texas store, his wife now dead and his son grown into a dedicated tenderfoot, an old cowboy sets out to fulfill his cherished dream. He believes his manifest destiny is to drive a great herd of longhorns north to Trail's End. It is circa 1890, and he is beating a very dead horse:

> A herd of longhorn cattle being driven up the trail fifteen years after the trail had been closed and ten years after most folks decided the longhorn cow had gone the way of the bone man, attracted a lot of attention, all of it unfavorable.

The old-timer persists, with his loyal crew of misfits. Their magnificent, lunatic stubbornness leads them from disaster to catastrophe—yet gradually the ludicrous becomes the heroic, as the hero's buffoonery turns into a pathetic, defiant odyssey.

North to Yesterday has to be one of the funniest books of the year. But it is also a thoughtful, tragicomic parable of all America. Flynn pits Tradition against Progress and concludes that, even if "littleness has inherited the earth," there is ample room for optimism as long as indomitable dignity shines undimmed in so much as a single human spirit.

—BRIAN GARFIELD.

Sponge for the World's Tears

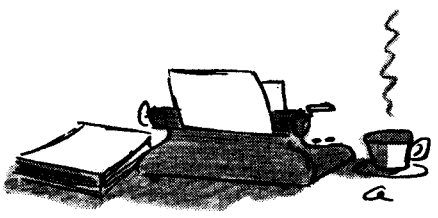
The Diary of Anaïs Nin, Volume II: 1934-39, *edited by Gunther Stuhlmann (Harcourt, Brace & World. 357 pp. $6.95), covers the Surrealist, prewar years in Paris, which the author saw as "the end of our romantic life." Anna Balakian of New York University is currently working on a book about André Breton.*

By ANNA BALAKIAN

ENCOMPASSING the period between 1934 and 1939, this second volume of Anaïs Nin's multidimensional diary picks up chronologically where the first, published last year, left the threads of her life. The present entries and connecting commentaries initially find her in New York, as a lay analyst, protegée of Dr. Otto Rank. We follow her back to Paris into the literary milieus that she spontaneously creates for herself, principally in a rented houseboat anchored on the Seine in the heart of Paris, which is suggestive of her power to float uncommittted, rootless, in movement but without fixed schedule or destination: "One must know how to navigate without latitudes and longitudes and without motor. Without drugs and without burdens. One must learn to breathe like a wind-measuring instrument. The cord must be made of sand, the anchor of aurora borealis." This is symbolic in a larger sense of the artist's ability to overcome the duality between material reality and the metaphysical vision.

It is the era of Surrealism, of the magazine *Minotaure*, a time for intellectual fun and games, and for theoretical discussions of Marxism around tables in the Deux Maggots or the Brasserie Lipp. But it is also the age of Hitler, of the Spanish Civil War; and when finally the far-off political rumblings turn into an apocalyptic war, the artists can no longer separate themselves from the disaster, which marks, as Anaïs Nin sees it, "the end of our romantic life," driving all foreign residents of Paris back to their homelands.

Not that Anaïs Nin would be a stranger in any land. Born, in the outskirts of Paris, to a Spanish musician father and a French-Danish mother, shuttling between Paris and New York, "the two magnetic poles of the world," she belongs to that ever increasing breed of non-national artists who express themselves in more than one tongue and through more than one culture, and whose inner climates efface the regional boundaries of their daily lives. Such were the Brooklyn-born Henry Miller, the English-born, Greek-bred Lawrence Durrell, the Peruvian Indian-Scottish Gonzalo, whose companionship kept Anaïs Nin free of *ennui* in the Paris of the late Thirties.



Her human contacts range from the Bohemia of struggling artists to the salon of Baron Rothschild, from the desultory vagrancies of the irresponsible river people to the ivory-tower-in-the-garret of her poet-astrologer friend Conrad Moricand, as her diary becomes one of the most subtle channelings of the creative power of human personality ever to take nonfictional form.

Anaïs Nin considers the diary an appropriate feminine medium for literary expression, in preference to what she calls "the masculine alchemy" whereby personal experience and events are transposed and metamorphosed. Her rejection of stylized fiction makes her diary a book for our time, in line with the cult for the authentic which seems to have become the passion of our age. If, as Miss Nin believes, what emerges is a purely "feminine way of perception," men have much to learn from her soul-searchings and enlightening observations. For in her exploration of human relations she augments the field of male-female magnetism, undermines the myth of the couple, and enriches the human heart with collateral affections and many-sided devotions. As a lady bountiful she shares the lives and tribulations of her friends of both sexes, the great and the nongreat—"this growing into the other like plants intertwining their roots, this interchange of soul and feeling." A free spirit whose only ties are those imposed by her own power of empathy, she is indeed "a sponge absorbing all the tears of the world."

Artist to the last cell of her being, Anaïs Nin conveys informality without ever neglecting style. Proustian in her analysis, she suggests a less bridled subjectivity than Proust, whom she criticizes for his generalizations of indivi-

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dual insights. But much of her own candidness is illusory, as when lacunae and incomplete identifications of people and events keep secure the private nature of her acts and relationships.

If one discerned in the first volume an excessive narcissism, here it is transformed by her enormous capacity to love; and her power to dream is not tantamount to withdrawal from life, as it often becomes with introspective writers. Quite to the contrary, it endows her nonfictional characters and circumstances with a universal dimension that feeds the reader's imagination. For Anaïs Nin, as for her surrealist contemporaries, the imaginary is what can become real, and her psychic vitality, acting as a natural intoxicant, illumines the chronicle of her life, intensifies the daily miracle of existence to which she conveys "a sense of the infinite in the present."

His Beloved Words

The Selected Letters of Dylan Thomas, *edited by Constantine FitzGibbon (New Directions. 420 pp. $8.50), offers in 231 letters comedy, philosophy, apologies for misbehavior, literary criticism and gossip. Bill Read, who is the acting chairman of the Department of Humanities at Boston University, is the author of "The Days of Dylan Thomas: A Pictorial Biography."*

By BILL READ

"REMEMBER me? Round, red, robustly raddled, a bulging Apple among poets, hard as nails made of cream cheese, gap-toothed, balding, noisome, a great collector of dust and a magnet for moths, mad for beer, frightened of priests, women, Chicago, writers, distance, time, children, geese, death, in love, frightened of love, liable to drip." Mixing love and death, beer and absurdity, this passage is typical of the wild inventiveness, the love affair with language, the comedy and pathos of this extraordinary collection of letters. There are 231 of them and not a cliché in the lot. Certain to rank among the most original letters of any literary man of this century, they may indeed equal the best of all times: those great letter writers Keats and Byron have a peer in this third Romantic poet.

From a strictly literary point of view the most illuminating of the letters are the thirteen to Henry Treece commenting on Thomas's poetic development, and thus helping Treece to prepare *Dylan Thomas: Dog Among the Fairies,* the first long commentary on the Welshman's works. The most enjoyable, from almost any point of view, are the twenty-three letters to his first girl friend, Pamela Hansford Johnson, the present Mrs. C. P. Snow. With her he can be cute: "There is an imp in your room, looking with my eyes at you." He is irreverent: "The Union Jack is only a national loin-cloth to hide the decaying organs of a diseased social system." There's something for everyone: comedy, philosophy, politics, misbehavior, apologies for misbehavior, models for thank-you letters and asking-for-money letters, literary criticism, literary gossip, and hundreds of superb literary puns.

FOR the generally interested reader this edition of the letters is fine. For more meticulous students, however, the editing is apt to leave something to be desired. Although the recipients of the letters are listed, there is no proper index, which every collection of letters, particularly one as important as this, ought to have. Another serious omission is the poet's correspondence with his wife, Caitlin. A few of these letters have been published in *McCall's,* but because of their extraordinary human interest they should have been included here. If they could not be published, some explanation is due. The editor implies that he has seen all but one of the originals, yet for a great many of the letters (those in the United States) mere copies were used. Consequently Thomas's meaning is sometimes distorted—as in the case where the printed version reads "warmy wombs" while the original letter reads "wormy wombs." Or perhaps this is inadequate proof-reading, as seems apparent in a number of instances.

There are factual errors: "Sidney G." is not Sidney Goodsir-Smith but W. S. Graham, the British poet. "Old Captain Oscar Cohen" refers not to Oscar Williams but to the late antiquarian bookdealer. The Hendry anthology of poetry is the New Apocalypse collection entitled *The White Horseman.*

Finally, there are matters of interpretation. FitzGibbon says that Thomas's "nervous unhappiness," increased by the demands for the payment of back income tax, "contributed, directly, to his early death." This judgment recalls the comments on the cause of Thomas's death put forth in FitzGibbon's biography, namely, that it came as a result of a combination of drink and drugs—a hypothesis exposed as false in a monograph by Dr. B. W. Murphy. In his thorough study of this point, Dr. Murphy concludes, "It is palpably clear that Dylan's neurosis led to alcoholic poisoning, exhaustion, and malnutrition; then alcoholic psychosis and death . . . the destructive instrument was alcohol. . . . To single out and indict secondary and debatable factors, such as the medications he received, is simply misleading." Now, in suggesting "nervous unhappiness" as a "direct" cause of death, FitzGibbon again reveals his unwillingness to accept the fact of alcoholism.

The letters are magnificent in the way they present the tragic story—from the exuberant self-confidence of the boy of sixteen planning to edit his own magazine, through his mad, wonderful, mostly verbal, first love affair and on through his endless passion for words to his gradual succumbing to the tortures of being unable to handle finances and the "escape" to which that led. During the last years of his life Thomas made a great deal of money, more than most of his friends; but psychological demons drove him to squander and mismanage it and to suffer the consequences. "Suffering colors the inner places," he wrote, "and probably adds beauty to them. So does happiness." As the fabric of these letters intensely demonstrates, he experienced both in great measure.

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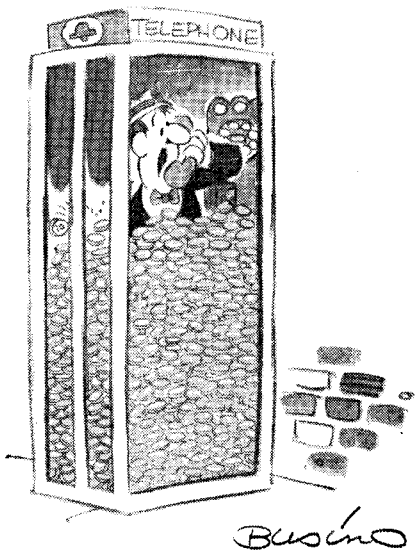
Restraining the Red Generals

The Soviet Military and the Communist Party, *by Roman Kolkowicz (Princeton. 429 pp. $9), and* ***The Role of the Chinese Army,*** *by John Gittings (Oxford. 331 pp. $8.50), deal with key problems of the military establishments of the two largest and strongest Communist parties. Harry Schwartz of the New York Times is author of "Tsars, Mandarins and Commissars: A History of Chinese-Russian Relations."*

By HARRY SCHWARTZ

THE RECENT Greek Army coup is but the latest example of a phenomenon that has troubled civilian rulers for centuries. And, like many other problems of human life and social organization, that of controlling and subordinating the masters of a state's organized means of violence—the leaders of its armed forces—is at least as troubling in Communist-ruled societies as in others. In these two books Roman Kolkowicz and John Gittings, respectively, scrutinize how the Kremlin and Mao have tried to anticipate and avoid becoming victims of Bonapartism.

Mr. Kolkowicz's fascinating study—which could have benefited from sharper editing to reduce repetition and improve the English—focuses upon strains between Soviet military and Communist Party leaders since Stalin's death. He mines a rich lode. This period includes Marshal Zhukov's attempt to seize power, Khrushchev's partial demobilization of the Soviet ground forces, the battle among jealous generals and their political allies over allocation of the credit for winning World War II, and the technological revolution that has transformed Soviet armed might since 1953.



"Alma? Please listen carefully—I've got something going here. Put seven bushel baskets in the station wagon and . . ."

The author sees the basic tension in the Soviet Union arising from the contradiction between two sets of forces: the Communist Party's desire to monopolize power and to hold all institutions in thrall, and the institutional solidarity of the military born of their common experiences and interests. Inevitably the military officers resented the political commissars introduced to check and spy on them, and at the height of his power Zhukov did much to weaken this political control apparatus. But Zhukov had made too many enemies among Soviet military leaders to be able to present a united power base before Khrushchev, who had cannily formed his own clique of marshals and generals from those with whom he had worked in Stalingrad.

Mr. Kolkowicz demonstrates convincingly that an almost infallible barometer of party-army disputes since 1953 has been provided by the recurrent rewriting of World War II history. Depending on who was on top, the key victory of that struggle was represented as Zhukov's in Moscow or Khrushchev's in Stalingrad. The picture of military servility and sycophancy which emerges is not very savory, and neither is the description of the Zhukov-Konev rivalry first over the taking of Berlin and then over the distribution of credit for that feat. After this insight into the psychology of Soviet military leaders, one begins to think more kindly of their Western counterparts, though the latter have not been immune to struggles over allocation of World War II glory.

The most provocative issues raised in this book concern the rapidly changing composition of the Soviet officer corps. Today more and more officers are technicians whose rank derives from their expertise in nuclear physics, computers, electronics, and the like. Competition and stress between them and the more traditional officers, who are geared to simple weapons and to emphasis upon personal bravery in combat, is inevitable. Whether the issue will be resolved as calmly as the author believes remains to be seen.

This volume was written for the RAND Corporation, whose connection with the Air Force is well known. The absence of any major comparison of the Soviet tensions with those between professional military leaders of this country and their current very strong—and very unpopular—Secretary of Defense is therefore understandable. But Mr. Kolkowicz's reticence has left an opportunity for someone else to take his rich material and use it in a comparative study of the Soviet and American situations.

John Gittings's book is more of a history of China's Peoples Liberation Army, but the problem of Party control over that army is inevitably a central one. In April 1928, the author points out, Mao was political commissar in Chu Teh's Red Army. And in December 1929, Mao's speech at Kutien in Fukien province laid down the fundamental principles of Party dominion over the military. He identified in that speech the "purely military viewpoint" as a major sin that Party propagandists had to watch out for and struggle against. Almost forty years later it is still a grave problem.

Mr. Gittings provides a great deal of valuable material, but his findings have been called into question by the current phase of the "great proletarian cultural revolution," which began after he finished his manuscript. In view of the tremendous present political importance of the Chinese army, of the recent purges of some leaders, of Lin Piao's victory over such Communist Party stalwarts as Liu Shao-chi and Teng Hsiao-ping, and of other developments, this reviewer suspects Mr. Gittings will want to do some important revising for a second edition.

Certainly, events of late call into question his conclusion that "China's military élite has shown a remarkable lack of disaffection since the Liberation." But then everybody who finished a manuscript on China before the spring of 1966—including this reviewer—wishes he had a chance to go back and take account of the flood of fresh information and new developments since. Nevertheless Mr. Gittings's book is a valuable contribution to the West's knowledge of the background of Chinese military strength today.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. flimflam. 2. rickrack. 3. riffraff. 4. jinglejangle. 5. mishmash. 6. zigzag. 7. ticktack. 8. chitchat. 9. wishy-washy. 10. fiddle-faddle. 11. pitter-patter. 12. shilly-shally. 13. knickknack. 14. wigwag.

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Checklist of New Books

Crime, Suspense

NIGHT OF CLEAR CHOICE. By Doris Miles Disney. Doubleday. $3.95.

PERTURBING SPIRIT. By Janet Caird. Doubleday. $3.95.

A WIND OF DEATH. By Gavin Black. Harper & Row. $4.95.

Current Affairs

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES—THE SECOND HUNDRED YEARS. By Stanley R. Tupper and Douglas L. Bailey. Hawthorn. $5.95.

COLUMBIA ESSAYS IN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS. Vol. II: The Dean's Papers, 1966. Edited by Andrew W. Cordier. Columbia Univ. Press. $7.95.

PAX AMERICANA. By Ronald Steel. Viking. $6.95.

VIETNAM: Crisis of Conscience. By Robert McAfee Brown, Rabbi Abraham J. Heschel and Michael Novak. Association Press/Herder & Herder/Behrman House. Hardbound, $3.50. Paperback, 95¢.

Economics

INSIDE BUREAUCRACY. By Anthony Downs. Little, Brown. $6.50.

MANPOWER STRATEGY FOR DEVELOPING COUNTRIES: Lessons from Ethiopia. By Eli Ginzberg and Herbert A. Smith. Columbia Univ. Press. $6.75.

Fiction

THE ACCURSED: Two Diabolical Tales. By Claude Seignolle. Coward-McCann. $5.50.

THE HOLY WELL. By Valentin Katayev. Walker. $4.95.

THE KING. By Morton Cooper. Bernard Geis. $5.95.

A LOGICAL GIRL. By Gerda Charles. Knopf. $5.95.

ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS. By Will Henry. Random House. $4.95.

SIGNS AND WONDERS. By François Mallet-Joris. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $6.95.

SOMETIMES BUT NOT ALWAYS. By James Stevenson. Little, Brown. $4.95.

STORIES AND TEXTS FOR NOTHING. By Samuel Beckett. Grove. $5.

THE TIME OF FRIENDSHIP: A Volume of Short Stories. By Paul Bowles. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

History

CENTURY OF GENIUS: European Thought 1600-1700. Edited by Richard T. Vann. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

CHARISMA AND FACTIONALISM IN THE NAZI PARTY. By Joseph Nyomarkay. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $5.

THE MINUTE MEN: A Compact History of the Defenders of the American Colonies 1645-1775. By Major John R. Galvin, USA. Hawthorn. $6.95.

ONE MAN'S GOLD RUSH: A Klondike Album. By Murray Morgan. Univ. of Washington Press. $10.95.

THE REVOLUTIONARY FRONTIER, 1763-1783. By Jack M. Sosin. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $7.95.

TRAFALGAR: An Eye-Witness Account of a Great Battle. Edited by Stuart Legg. John Day. $4.50.

THE WEST IN ASIA, 1850-1914. By Michael Edwardes. Putnam. $5.95.

Literary Criticism

ERNEST HEMINGWAY. By Sheridan Baker. Barnes & Noble. $4.

O'CASEY. By Saros Cowasjee. Barnes & Noble. $2.50.

SAUL BELLOW. By Tony Tanner. Barnes & Noble. $2.50.

Miscellany

THE CHINESE LOOKING GLASS. By Dennis Bloodworth. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $6.95.

A NATURALIST IN TRINIDAD. By C. Brooke Worth. Lippincott. $7.95.

Personal History

BEARDSLEY. By Stanley Weintraub. Braziller. $6.

CHURCHILL AND BEAVERBROOK. By Kenneth Young. Heineman. $6.50.

CONAN DOYLE: A Biography. By Pierre Nordon. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $7.95.

CORRESPONDENCE: Pierre Teilhard de Chardin and Maurice Blondel. Edited by Henri de Lubac, S.J. Herder & Herder. $4.95.

I LOVE A ROOSEVELT. By Patricia Peabody Roosevelt. Doubleday. $6.95.

THE ODYSSEY OF AN OPTIMIST, MEYER W. WEISGAL: An Anthology by His Contemporaries. Atheneum. $5.95.

Poetry

THE COLOUR OF BLOOD. By George MacBeth. Atheneum. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.95.

THE PANTHER AND THE LASH. By Langston Hughes. Knopf. $4.50.

THE PEARL-POET: His Complete Works. Translated by Margaret Williams. Random House. $10.

THE POCKET MIRROR. By Janet Frame. Braziller. $4.95.

Psychology, Sociology

THE EMERGENT AMERICAN SOCIETY. Vol. I: Large-Scale Organizations. Edited by W. Lloyd Warner, *et al.* Yale Univ. Press. $15.

THE SUBCULTURE OF VIOLENCE: Towards an Integrated Theory in Criminology. By Marvin E. Wolfgang and Franco Ferracuti. Barnes & Noble. Hardbound, $11.50. Paperback, $5.75.

TALLY'S CORNER: A Study of Negro Streetcorner Men. By Elliot Liebow. Little, Brown. $5.95.

Religion, Philosophy

THE CHURCH UNBOUND: A Human Church for a Human World. By Norman K. Gottwald. Lippincott. $4.95.

GOD-TALK: An Examination of the Language and Logic of Theology. By John Macquarrie. Harper & Row. $6.

HUSSERL: An Analysis of His Phenomenology. By Paul Ricoeur. Northwestern Univ. Press. $7.50.

JOHN LOCKE: Prophet of Common Sense. By M. V. C. Jeffreys. Barnes & Noble. $3.75.

THE PENTATEUCH. By William Tyndale. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $22.50.

WAR, CONSCIENCE AND DISSENT. By Gordon C. Zahn. Hawthorn. $5.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

Uncharted Future

Continued from page 35

tianity is currently expressed are anachronisms resulting from the early church's adoption of Hellenistic metaphysics. The forms that characterize man's religious thought (*e.g.*, God as pure Being, infinite, perfect, and eternal) are culturally contingent; yet the early Christian philosophers absolutized them, leaving subsequent generations with a heritage that became increasingly unmanageable as cultural evolution rendered these concepts incongruous. In short, the way in which the early and medieval Christian conceived his world and interpreted his faith is no longer appropriate.

Unlike many critics, commentators, or reformers, Dewart moves from the critical and diagnostic to the constructive and prognostic. He perceives the necessity for a dramatic revision of the philosophical grounds of Christian theology. And what quickens the reader's pulse, in spite of a difficult and sometimes deadening jargon, is the way the author takes the central religious concept—God—and proposes a radical reconstruction of it. In this respect he is bold indeed, challenging presuppositions so deeply rooted that he appears to be destroying the idea of God altogether: a "Christian theism of the future might not conceive God as *a being*," nor as being itself, nor even as a super-being. To say that God is not a being means "literally what it says, that God is not a being at all." In a word, reality transcends man's conception of being. Dewart's God who is beyond being is therefore more radical than Tillich's God who is beyond existence. In this manner an outline is "tentatively explored" for a future conception of God that would no longer picture Him as a trinity of persons, or as omnipotent, infinite, omniscient, immutable, or whatever. Even the name of God, Dewart declares, matters little and may well be abandoned for, after all, "we should not believe in God's name, anymore than we should believe in faith: we should believe only in God."

What is the future of belief? Neither Dewart nor anyone else would presume to suggest more than general tendencies. But one thing is quite certain: the current direction of religious thought is toward the open and the uncharted. There is today a new willingness to change and a new determination to face an indeterminate future. Of course, this is not true for everyone. Resistance to change is always greater in religious matters, and some will prefer to remain entrenched in the security of the past. Even so, the larger number will turn their faces forward, struggle with the tensions of transition, and accept the uncertainties of the new.

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A Matter of Taste

By ZENA SUTHERLAND

ONE OF the most revered books in the field of children's literature is Paul Hazard's *Books, Children and Men* (Horn Book, $5), which begins: "Children and grownups belong to different worlds." But how children echo adult social pretension! I witnessed, a few weeks ago, the sort of literary snub that we've all heard countless times at adult parties.

A third-grade class had written a series of skits dramatizing scenes from children's books; at the conclusion of each one the audience (visiting classes) was invited to guess the book and the characters. Heady with the end of the school year, the children screamed so happily that the answers had to be shouted over and over. One scene was from Maurice Druon's *Tistou of the Green Thumbs* (Scribners, $2.95). "What—what was his name?" "Tistou." Two little girls in front of me turned to each other. "Test tube?" one asked incredulously. "Test tube," said the other in a firm, superior voice. "Test Tube of the Green Thumbs. I read it and it's a very good book."

You may encounter this sort of bookish braggadocio (you have encountered it?) at home base, but I've seen very little of it at professional gatherings. Having just returned from conferences in Ottawa and San Francisco, I am feeling mildly euphoric about the integrity and dedication of the people who produce and evaluate children's books.

In Canada there was a panel followed by the usual questions from the floor. We'd been talking about "controversial" books and—not unexpectedly—most of the heated debate was about Louise Fitzhugh's *Harriet the Spy* (Harper & Row, $3.95) and Julia Cunningham's *Dorp Dead* (Pantheon, $3.50). Some of the discussion concerned aspects of the books, but much of it was based on the apparently perennial question of whether or not children's books should reflect unpleasant facets of life. A member of the Ontario Department of Education, Mr. Kosower, had said earlier, "Youth today has access to all our public and private uncertainties. This is a neglected but critical fact of modern life."

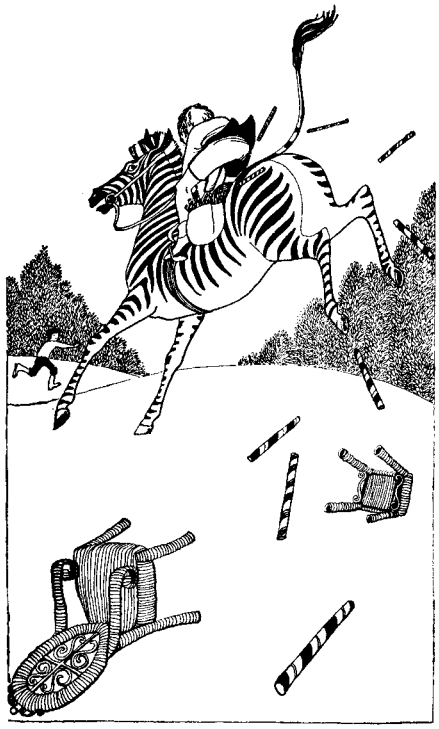
In recent children's books, fewer and fewer of our uncertainties have been neglected; the consensus was that one cannot generalize and that the important thing is not whether the book includes a controversial situation but how it is handled. Zoa Sherburne's *Too Bad About the Haines Girl* (Morrow, $3.50) is about an unmarried girl who becomes pregnant. Melinda has loving parents who trust her; her shame and dismay are profound. In contrast to this is another novel I don't have the heart to name; in it a pregnant girl dies in agony after a self-induced abortion. Her mother is a religious fanatic who has refused to get medical help. Her friend, who sees her writhing in pain, is a girl who has a crush on a blind pianist who is in love with her mother. There is also a tornado.

It isn't just the fact that one book is melodramatic and the other realistic that is important. Also important is that what happens to Melinda Haines shows the reader tragic consequences for a believable, normal family.

When the March family suffers Beth's death or Mrs. Moffat copes with poverty they are real people confronted with grim reality. An honest and well-written book can encompass any of the situations children may meet in their lives, and can do it with dignity and taste. A contrived or shoddy book will not last, and this is true despite the temporary allegiances to Tom Swift and Nancy Drew. As C. S. Lewis said, "No book is really worth reading at the age of ten which is not equally (and often far more) worth reading at the age of fifty. . . ."

Frederick. *Written and illustrated by Leo Lionni. Pantheon* 32 *pp.* $3.50. This captivating book is about a field mouse, but it sings a hymn of praise to poets in a gentle story that is illustrated with gaiety and charm. The mice are plump little creatures with round, wondering eyes, and the backgrounds of the pages echo in soft tones the appropriate colors of the seasons Frederick enjoys. He has sat, a small echo of Ferdinand, relishing the beauties of sun and flowers through the green summer. When winter comes, the other field mice are cold and hungry; then Frederick speaks. He speaks of the golden glow of the sun, of the beautiful colors of flowers, and of the delights of the four seasons that are provided by Fieldmice who live in the sky. Ages 5-7.

Magic Secrets. *By Rose Wyler and Gerald Ames. Illustrated by Talivaldis Stubis. Harper & Row.* 64 *pp.* $1.95. An introduction to the fine art of legerdemain might not seem the best book selection for the beginning reader, but this one has been compiled with intelligence and is permeated with fun. The amusing drawings show very clearly how to fool the audience and what



—*From "The Dolmop of Dorkling."*

a lark it is to accomplish such feats as sawing a lady (paper doll) in half, swallowing a live goldfish (palming a piece of carrot) or literally having something up your sleeve. In simplest terms, the authors explain both the mechanics of the tricks and the flourishes that divert the attention of the watchers. Ages 7-9.

Brian Wildsmith's Birds. *Illustrated by Brian Wildsmith. Watts.* 30 *pp.* $4.95. This is the nicest of all the nice Wildsmith books since the one on the alphabet appeared; here the subject is less varied, but there is a boldness of design and layout lacking in recent books that emphasized boldness and busyness of color. Mr. Wildsmith has tied a series of pictures of birds (exquisite) to their group names: a watch of nightingales, a nye of pheasants, a congregation of plover, et cetera. There is no other text. The format is more suitable for the picture-book age than for the reader intrigued with odd words, but any age can appreciate the beauty of the stained-glass colors and the animated, distinctive birds. Ages 8-10.

Dick Foote and the Shark. *Written and illustrated by Natalie Babbitt. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* 26 *pp.* $3.50. Illustrated with brisk, amusing pictures in green, black and white, this rollicking narrative poem is fun to read alone or aloud. "Dick Foote was a poet who lived on Cape Cod/In the year eighteen seventy-three/He spent all his time in the writing of rhyme/And he cared not a straw for the sea." Dick's father, a fisherman, couldn't understand why anyone would squander his time in such nonsense if he could fish. Dick, commissioned to write a briny poem for a New Bedford celebration, finally agreed to go aboard for a ride. When the boat was approached by a shark, the bemused boy delivered a complimentary oration, thereby so surprising the shark it was stunned to the point of apathy and the Footes escaped. After that, the fisher-

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man was proud to have his son be a poet. The poem has pace, humor, and a bouncing rhythm. Ages 9-11.

The Great Bone Hunt. *By Margaret Cooper. Illustrated by Harold Goodwin. Macmillan.* 58 *pp.* $2.95. This engaging fictional version of a real event begins with an interest-catching sentence: "There was once a big country full of questions." Here most of the questions pertain to the origin of a series of enormous bones scattered about the countryside. The four prime bone finders take their problem to a master sleuth, who orders a large area searched for missing bones; he then puts the bones together and produces the skeleton of a prehistoric mastodon. An afterword explains that the sleuth was the painter and naturalist Charles Willson Peale, who really did direct the bone hunt and, with the help of his sons (Raphaelle, Rubens, Rembrandt, and Titian) constructed and displayed the skeleton. Both story and illustrations have an enjoyable tone of tongue-in-cheek exaggeration. Ages 9-11.

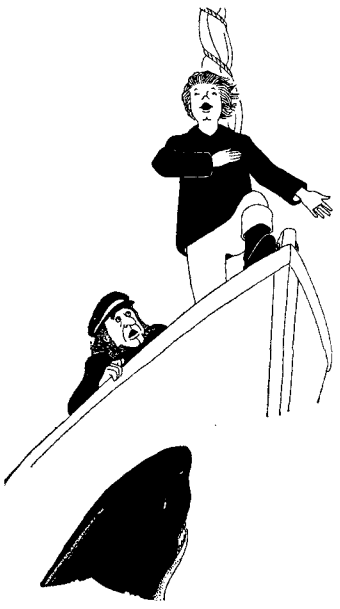
Rocks and Rills: A Look at Geology. *By A. Harris Stone and Dale Ingmanson. Illustrated by Peter A. Plasencia. Prentice-Hall.* 70 *pp.* $3.75. Hooray for the authors, who don't just describe experiments and their results, but set up physical situations so that the reader can find out for himself what happens. The experiments illustrate such geologic processes as erosion, oxidation, abrasion, evaporation, and heat expansion. They are lucidly explained, the materials used are not difficult to obtain, and if the projects are at all hazardous it is suggested that an adult stand by. Ages 9-12.

How the World's First Cities Began. *By Arthur S. Gregor. Illustrated by W. T. Mars. Dutton.* 64 *pp.* $3.75. One of the most useful things a young (or old) reader of history can learn is the importance of ancillary factors as well as those more immediate and obvious. Wisely, Arthur Gregor is also careful to distinguish between crucial and peripheral influences in the emergence of civilization, and he describes the development of the first cities in Mesopotamia in a direct, casual style that permits comments about man's responses to his environment. In the growing complexity of urban life there arose problems found in our society today; the valuable aspect of this book is that the reader is shown why the problems arose. Ages 9-12.

Dandy's Mountain. *By Thomas Fall. Illustrated by Juan Carlos Barberis. Dial.* 200 *pp.* $3.95. Dandy's real name was Amanda, but her cousin Bruce called her "Crazy": imagine having as summer project learning all the words in the dictionary! Relations between Dandy and Bruce were strained: he didn't like visiting in the country, he was surly and uncooperative, and his supercilious behavior made his hosts feel that he ought to be sent home. Dandy, however, felt a responsibility and an affection she couldn't quite explain. Her belief that Bruce was really a nice person was vindicated when the two were lost on a mountain, and he proved a resourceful and cheerful companion once he had been convinced that his cousin really cared for him. The characters and their motivations are believable; the writing has humor and vitality. Ages 10-12.

The Dolmop of Dorkling. *By Mary B. Palmer. Illustrated by Fen Lasell. Houghton Mifflin.* 155 *pp.* $3.25. Islands have an appeal, imaginary kingdoms whet the imagination, and a boy-hero who can cope with the peculiar problems of an island kingdom should stir all who have dreams of glory. Staff is sent by his grandfather to take a look at the isle of Dorkling, where the latter has just inherited the title of the ruler, Dolmop of Dorkling. Staff is a bit dismayed to find that the stuffy humans and oddly articulate animals take him for the Dolmop, and expect him to solve problems, preside at assemblies, and make decisions. All these he does superbly simply by being sensible and keeping an open mind. The gentle burlesque of men and institutions blends beautifully with the ridiculous deeds of Staff and a few fanciful, extravagantly stereotyped characters. Ages 9-11.

Backfield Challenge. *By William Campbell Gault. Dutton.* 160 *pp.* $3.50. San Valdesto High had a racially mixed population, so Link didn't feel isolated as a Negro nor did his friend Johnny as a Puerto Rican. When their families moved to a new housing development, they transferred to a school in which the students were almost all white and middle class. As members of the Montevista football team Johnny and Link made new friends, but Link suspected bias in Turk, the team's best player, son of a prejudiced father; and the football season was disrupted when Link overheard Turk refer to him as "that nigger." The resolution of the situation is adequately handled, and the football sequences are standard fare: the usual incredible prowess. It seems obtrusive to have a protagonist named Lincoln Booker Carver, but it is the only really contrived touch in the story. The actions, reactions, dialogues, and relationships among the young people are honest and perceptive, and this is equally true of the adult characters: the quiet determination of Link's father is as convincing as the blatant bigotry of Turk's. The conversations between the coach and his wife are particularly lively, since he is a Mississippi graduate who really believes in human rights while she is "a Yankee and a l-i-b-e-r-a-l." Ages 12-15.



—From "Dick Foote and the Shark."

Eugene O'Neill. *By Olivia Coolidge. Scribners.* 223 *pp.* $3.95. One always expects Mrs. Coolidge to write with a competence based on careful research and literary craftsmanship, but added to this candid, powerful biography is all the drama in the twisted and tragic lives of the O'Neill family. Drug addiction, desertion, alcoholism, divorce, and bitter family feuds dogged O'Neill during the years when he was contributing to American theater history. A fascinating and sophisticated book, this should appeal to adult readers as well as to the high school audience for whom it was written.

Affectionately Yours, George Washington: A Self-Portrait in Letters of Friendship. *Selected and edited by Thomas J. Fleming. Norton.* 280 *pp.* $6.50. Although Washington's language is often punctiliously ornate, his letters are tremendously enjoyable. With flowery circumlocution he declares his affection to a Southern belle unfortunately already married; to his fellow soldiers he writes with guarded candor; to his family he deplores the behavior of his wayward grandson, and to his wife he writes letters that show a deepening love and respect. Editorial comments, printed in italics, precede each selection and neatly bind the material together. The volume ends with a restrained but moving deathbed scene. For young adults.

A Lamp for India: The Story of Madame Pandit. *By Robert Hardy Andrews. Prentice-Hall.* 406 *pp.* $7.95. "The light has gone out of our lives, and there is darkness everywhere." Thus was Gandhi mourned, and Nehru, and Shastri. What Madame Pandit's biographer tells us is that there was always another light somewhere and that one of India's great and shining lamps has been the indomitable Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit. As a child in a wealthy, pro-British household she listened quietly and absorbed whatever her brother learned, and as a young woman she quietly assumed her place in India's struggle for independence. Her dedication inspired her children to participate in political action and to bear with stoicism the separations, the imprisonments, the criticism, and the financial duress imposed by public service in a time of turmoil. Almost as much a history of India in the last half-century and a biography of Nehru as it is of the remarkable woman who became President of the United Nations Assembly, this is an absorbing book, lightened by small anecdotes and spiced with not infrequent caustic remarks about Krishna Menon. An adult book that will also interest younger readers.

Finding Out. *By Thomas Baird. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 243 *pp.* $4.75. It's always a pleasure to be taken behind the scenes by someone who knows his stuff, and this novel about the staff of an art museum is sage,

(*Continued on page* 52)

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The Week We Met the Swiss

PEACE TALKS are held in Geneva presumably because the Swiss have a history of the longest period of uninterrupted peace of any people of the Western world. But as presently conducted, these peace talks have little chance of being influenced by the Swiss because the participants have neither the opportunity nor the formula for meeting the natives who live there.

We lived in Geneva a whole year, and we saw the Swiss in shops, we shared the trams and apartments, we dealt with officials and tradesmen, but until we found the formula we never really met a Swiss live and close up. We had been to the homes of three Parisians, two Londoners, one Tunisian, four Iranians, and countless Israelis. We had met people who lived in Switzerland, but real Swiss were inaccessible—until we acquired a dog, a car, and a *trottinette*.

A *trottinette* is what a five-year-old who has been away from the United States for some time calls a two-wheeled vehicle that you stand on with one foot and push with the other. When we were young, we called them scooters, but, being a cosmopolitan five-year-old, our son would be satisfied with nothing short of a *trottinette*. The acquisition made the first real difference in our life in Geneva. For one thing, there is an inherent attraction between small boys on *trottinettes* and real Swiss, a fact that we were not previously aware of. Our son barely proceeded to trot or scoot all over our neighborhood before contact was made.

About 4 p.m. on a peaceful Saturday afternoon our bell rang. A real flesh-and-blood Swiss, female gender, stood in the portal with a brightness of eyes that transcended mere eagerness at meeting us. Our son stood crying at her side. Was he hurt? No, she was. The greeting of our first Swiss was so dotted with quaint phrases which did not appear in our *French Self-Taught* that conversation was halting. Finally, we conveyed our sentiments on the manner of introduction to our son. It was, we allowed, slightly unorthodox, but we did not, we said, want it to interfere with our potential friendship. Might it not, we suggested, be suitable for the lady to submit a claim to our insurance company so that we might proceed to get acquainted on a more amicable basis?

"I must say, in all my years of struggle, gouging, in-fighting, aiming for the main chance, I've always kept my integrity."

In our barren, Swissless months in the country we had adopted the local custom of buying insurance against everything. In due course we had acquired the customary *Responsabilité Civile*, which covers such normal events as contacts between pedestrians and operators of a *trottinette*. However, it is necessary, once the collision has taken place to arrange a rendezvous between the parties concerned. On this particular phase of the code of conduct we were not well briefed, so imagine our surprise when, on Monday morning, my wife answered the doorbell to find *Monsieur l'Agent de Police* smiling, an invitation in his hand.

"Is it that one has conducted his *trottinette* against a madame on the *quai* the Saturday last?" he asks.

"*Oui,*" she said questioningly, happy that the demands on her French were not in excess of her proficiency.

"Will it please the monsieur, the father of the offending conductor, to have a rendezvous at the *gendarmerie* this evening where he may receive an important communication?"

When he handed her the invitation, we were drunk with success. Already we had accomplished the feat of having two real Swiss in our modest home, and we had been invited for a rendezvous. Unhappily, our first friend was unable to come to it. The meeting with our son had been too trying an experience. She was confined to bed, and sent regrets. We did have a most interesting conversation with the *gendarmerie*, aided by another Swiss lady who ran a tobacco shop across the street, and who ironed out the roughness of our French where precision was necessary in relating the details of our encounter. It was a most amicable evening. The Swiss are warm and friendly people.

Just to illustrate how social calls are made without the slightest advance formality, and to show that once the ice is broken there seems to be no halt to the social amenities, my wife received another unannounced visitor the very next morning. A gentleman presented his card and addressed her in impeccable French, which placed her at a considerable disadvantage. Monsieur had gone to considerable inconvenience to seek us out. It seemed that when the madame had attempted to conduct her vehicle of motor into a place of parking, a dent had placed itself on the side of the car of the monsieur. "But this is not possible," said the madame, and suggested that the monsieur might wish a rendezvous with the husband of the offending conductor of the vehicle of motor.

Really, my wife said, she just barely touched his car, so it could not have been dented. Besides, the dent was on the wrong side of his car. And besides,

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there were two other ladies in the car with her, and they all looked carefully before driving on. (They had to go on because while they were looking at the car of the monsieur someone sneaked into the parking space.) And would not it be nice if we could have another cordial evening with the Swiss police?

So we called them and arranged that the *gendarmerie* could determine by a close inspection whether the dent that had placed itself on the door of the vehicle of the motor of the monsieur could have been caused by the vehicle of the motor of the madame. Amid the conviviality of amicable company, madame was informed in a pleasant manner that despite the fact that she and her two friends saw no dent, it had evidently been the result of her manner of conducting her vehicle of motor as witnessed by the sneaker of parking space, and would it please the madame to pay the fine for leaving a scene of an accident?

We did not feel that this was buying friendship, but to avoid such an accusation on the part of our friends we decided not to pursue such opportunities in the future. Hence, when we later found a card on our windshield wiper announcing that the owner of the card had caused his vehicle of motor to descend on our front, we decided to forgo yet another happy meeting with the Swiss police.

All our social successes were not arranged through vehicular misadventures. There was our dog, *Gita des Trois Cèdres*, who was as fond of the Geneva parks as we were. "The Three Cedars" is supposed to be the name of the kennel where she was whelped, but we always felt it really described her habits during those rare periods when she did not prefer the Persian carpet in our furnished apartment.

Later in the same week that our social successes began, Gita took advantage of the facilities offered by the public gardens of Geneva, and we sat on the bench basking in the summer sunshine. Lo, our friend of the Swiss police greeted us.

"Is it that one does not see the advice?" he smiled, pointing to the small sign. "It is there interdicted to leave a dog from his being held by leash. . . ."

The rest of the pleasantries exchanged are of little interest, and the incident is only related to show what we have learned to know about meeting the Swiss. It really is not difficult if one appreciates the right conditions. Peace talks would consume less time if the participants would meet the Swiss.

—SIDNEY SHINDELL.

Sidney Shindell, M.D., is chairman of the division of preventive medicine, Marquette University School of Medicine.

Stopping Off in Antwerp

THE CHANCES ARE that every ship of any size docks at Antwerp sooner or later, and you will find yourself with a few hours to spend there. The city's name, unlike Bruges or Ostend, may not appear on the travel posters, but there are endless summer cruises advertised every spring which carry the words "calling at Antwerp."

One verdict passed on the city in the last century was that it was the sink of Europe, but the home of Rubens. Another writer echoed those words when he said it was half a bordello, half a museum—an impression still presented by the quay with its brooding tenth-century castle (now the Steen Naval Museum) and its waterfront buildings where the girls sit in the windows and wait. Quite another impression awaits those who arrive by train.

Antwerp is a terminus station, and when you leave Brussels for it—only half an hour's journey—the Belgians have a habit of saying that you are leaving the capital for the metropolis. It is a good distinction because whereas Brussels talks and thinks politics, Antwerp talks and thinks money. You cannot walk any distance in the main streets without seeing the names of the great financiers on banking houses — Fuger, Wesler, and Spinola—nor can you sit for long in the glassed-in terraces of the big cafés without being aware of the white flash of Brazilian diamonds of the first water. This meeting of the wives of diamond merchants every afternoon is known as "the Café Cluck"—a feature that has missed the writers of the *Fodor* and *Blue Guides*.

Instead, these writers concentrate on the Cathedral with Quellinus's beautiful sculpture and Rubens's famous *Descent from the Cross*; on the house of Plantin where you can see his original printing press; and on the zoo, which is one of the most modern and experimental in the world. This is, in part, a zoo without bars: In one, aviary rays of light keep the birds from flying out, and in the reptile houses, shafts of cold air confine the snakes to their rocks.

But when the guidebook is closed and these sights have been seen—they can all be fitted into a three-hour tour—there still remains one Antwerp souvenir to be bought that no other town has ever marketed. These are packets of the best Corona and Havana cigar-bands—fakes (as the tobacconists explain) that can be left in ashtrays to impress friends. They are a kind of status symbol—but without the lasting glitter of the solitaires of "the Café Cluck."

—NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE.

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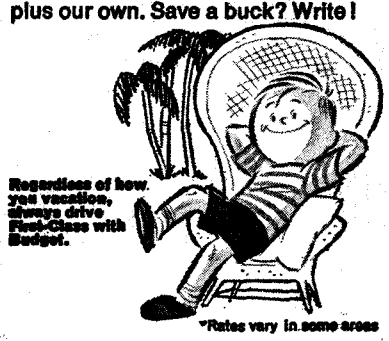

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The Persistent Devils

THE FOUR-PROGRAM series *CBS News Inquiry: The Warren Report*, which was presented on consecutive nights on television recently, implied strongly that people who mistrust *The Official Warren Commission Report on the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy* could be characterized as victims of a "conspiracy mentality," prone to the "devil theory in politics." Walter Cronkite, the chief CBS News spokesman on the series, did not make this interpretation. Eric Sevareid suggested the "devil theory" notion, and Henry Steele Commager, the "conspiracy mentality" idea.

The thrust of the remarks made by both Mr. Sevareid and Mr. Commager was that the United States, since the cold war, has developed "something that might be called a conspiracy psychology." "We are on the road," said Mr. Commager, "to a paranoid explanation of things." Mr. Sevareid mentioned people who cling to illusions for years, unshaken by respectable evidence. Dr. Seymour Lipset, Harvard sociologist who also appeared on the program, reinforced the implication that the Warren Report was irrationally rejected by people who couldn't endure the thought of a President's assassination without a "rational plot." These insights followed a stout defense of the "common sense" and fundamental soundness of the Warren Report's conclusions by John McCloy, a member of the President's Commission.

CBS News did not elect to answer the twin questions: "Should and could the Warren Report be believed?" It left the answers up to the viewers; but the editorial placement of the comments in the last program, coming after the presentation of criticisms of the Commission's report, tended to support the official finding that Lee Harvey Oswald was the lone killer as "the best account we are ever likely to have of what happened that day in Dallas." Anyone who doubted the basic conclusion must, therefore, be a person with the "conspiracy mentality"—so ran the implication. It should be vigorously rejected. The effect of it would be to discourage further investigations into the tragic triple thread that now runs from Dallas to Washington to New Orleans. Many viewers who find serious weaknesses in the Warren Report would be unwilling to accept the charge that they suffer from a "conspiracy psychology."

CBS News Inquiry: The Warren Report, did, in fact, stir up old doubts and awaken new ones. The last program commendably repeated the Commission's charges against the FBI for its handling of the whole affair. It underscored the Commission's error in relying on the testimony of the FBI and the CIA rather than conducting its own investigation. It showed that all witnesses were not questioned; that the Commission was given only a part-time staff; that the vital X-rays and photographs made during the autopsy on the President were not published. Other weaknesses of the report were cited, and the points were made that early stories of witnesses were changed and that highly qualified experts disagreed on many controversial aspects of the testimony.

True, official investigations of complex events are always subject to human error. CBS News voiced widely expressed doubts about the Warren Report. Does that make the network newsmen who prepared the program victims of the devil theory in politics who cling to illusions in the face of respectable evidence? Because of this question the series was fraught with a basic ambiguity. Step by step, the answers given by the Warren Report to the basic questions of the assassination were substantiated. Criticisms and alternative theories were noted but overcome. The identical facts, if they had been arranged by others intent on undermining the Warren Report, could have produced opposite conclusions.

THE network seemed to wish to march irresistibly to a restoration of confidence in the report; and the "paranoid" brush, applied to doubters at the conclusion, seemed to clinch the argument. If it believed its own conclusion, how could CBS have asked for a new, independent study of the autopsy pictures, and for the release—by Time, Inc.—of the 8 mm film taken of the assassination by Abraham Zapruder? There do seem to be people in some quarters of our national life who are more prone than others to the "devil theory"; but is it reasonable to equate, as Eric Sevareid did, doubters of the Warren Report with people who believe that Roosevelt sold out at Yalta, or conspired with the Japanese in the Pearl Harbor attack?

All of us tend to see devils where we want to find them, and all of us tend to fail to see them where we don't want to find them. CBS fell into the trap of extremism in its last program of this series—an easy fall. The harder job is to pursue truth while avoiding polarization. The soap opera technique of recapping each show at the start and advertising the next one produced a tiresome effect. The last program was the best; it hit hardest at the real weaknesses of the report. There is plenty of pay dirt for future inquiries, particularly into the roles of the FBI and CIA. After eighteen months of preparation and four hour-long shows, the CBS newsmen have earned a respite. They would neither be hunting devils nor clinging to illusions, however, if they kept the Warren Report on the hook.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

"There is a hair in my espresso!"

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Varieties of Violence

CURIOUSLY, *The Witnesses*—which records the agony of the Warsaw ghetto—comes along within weeks after the brilliant military triumph of the Israelis. On the one hand, the pathetically doomed Jews of the ghetto are seen begging, smuggling, praying, smiling for German brutes snapping their pictures for home albums, and, at the end, fighting, not to win, but to end their lives with a semblance of dignity. And, just recently, newspapers, magazines, and television have shown and told us another story: of well-equipped, brave, and accomplished Jewish fighters who rose up against threats of their extermination (again!) and smote their surrounding enemies. Are these the same people? Yes, they are the same people. And the sickish truth of the matter seems to be that the world prefers the image not of the self-effacing, peaceful Jew, but of the death-dealing Jew, of the victorious warrior vindicating himself.

This new and more admired and more popular Jew may, through his valor, help abate some of the insane religious and ethnic hatred that has made his existence highly precarious through the centuries, but this hardly helps make his fellow non-Jewish human beings look any more admirable—rather the reverse, I'd say. Better to take a hard, long look at the Warsaw ghetto, and this is what *The Witnesses* provides. Frederic Rossif, the French documentarian who made the acclaimed *To Die in Madrid*, has ransacked motion picture archives in Warsaw, Berlin, Paris, and Israel, and has selected films shot in all cases by the Nazis, who turned out to have documented not the bestiality of the Jews—their purpose—but their own. To this material Rossif has added still photos, and, perhaps most telling of all, he has rounded up several survivors of the remnant of about 500 (out of a total of 600,000) who managed to escape extinction, and has them recount their memories. These living testifiers provide the most shattering case of all. They speak in French, and the sound-track gives us their words in English.

Many of those 500 are, of course, in Israel, and their sons fought a different war only recently.

The Warsaw ghetto story has been told before, through film and through such novels as *The Wall* and *Mila 18*, but this filmic account has great value, for it documents Jews attempting to maintain their religious practices, the education of their young, operating orphanages, selling the shoes from their feet, picking up their dead from the streets, attempting always to save a few from among the many and always, somehow, to survive—and, with it all, surrounded by implacable hostility, cruelty, and sadism, to preserve their identity as people and as a people. The Nazi photographers, attempting to record something else, recorded essential humanity—humanity at the bitter end, in its greatest travail. How much greater this bravery is than the bravery of the warrior is up to the viewer to decide. Frederic Rossif makes very little comment of his own. Comment is hardly necessary, for it is this kind of stark record that cuts through to the essentials. Here it is not the medium that is the message. The message is conveyed through the medium, which is as I prefer it.

AFTER such a harrowing account of violence, one which I approve, it might seem more than slightly mixed-up of me to complain of the violence in a new American-International film called *Born Losers*. But I do, indeed. The film is the work of a young group of Californians out to show, so they say, the evil and sadism in the way of life of a motorcycle gang, and, brimming over with moral fervor, they show a decent fellow triumphing over the brutish lot. Some months ago in this column I complained about a film, *The Wild Angels*, that also showed the same type of hell-raisers, but with little in the way of what used to be known as "compensating values." I dislike phony compensating values, and much prefer some attempt to understand a violent phenomenon. This understanding was lacking in *The Wild Angels*, but even so it is a far better film than *Born Losers*—and I guess that means that *Born Losers* is pretty terrible indeed.

For, while decrying violence, the film takes every opportunity to show it, doing it garishly, spreading the catsup so liberally that the most voracious teenager is bound to be satisfied by it. The film, naturally, is aimed straight at that immensely large and presumably ghoulish teen-age audience that made *The Wild Angels* such a big financial success. But Roger Corman, who made the latter, is a technically proficient film-maker, whereas T. C. Frank, who directed *Born Losers*, seems hardly more than an undedicated amateur. Even worse is the script-writer, E. James Lloyd, who has provided dialogue crackling with clichés, and whose inane situations are as primitive as the cinema angles used to record them. The acting by Tom Laughlin, Elizabeth James, Jane Russell, and Jeremy Slate is equally primitive. American-International expects to make another fortune with the picture, figuring it's right down the teen-age alley. If an example is needed to demonstrate what *Esquire* recently termed "the pornography of violence," this is it. And, in this case, it *is* the medium that is the message: POW!

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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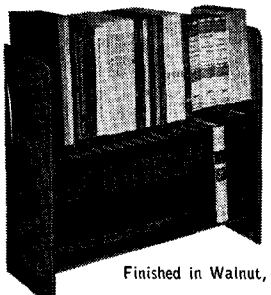

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Too Many Kernels

TO BE SIMULTANEOUSLY abstract and passionate, didactic and entertaining is a big order for any playwright, and Peter Ustinov, a man who apparently can repeat more limited successes at will, commands our respect by attempting such a panoramic work as *The Unknown Soldier and His Wife*.

In it, he loosely traces through the centuries the relationship of the main forces in society that make war possible. These include the King-General, the Enemy Leader, the Archbishop, the Rebel-Artist, the Inventor, the Sergeant, and the Unknown Soldier. It is the latter whom the playwright, speaking through the character of the Rebel, finds most guilty. He says, "Without such men as this, Kings would be impotent, tyrants would be powerless, and the Revolution would have taken place long ago."

There is a distinction, however, between the pragmatically irresponsible average fighting man and Ustinov's Unknown Soldier, whose superior humaneness—combined with naïveté—leads him into the greatest pain and most ignominious deaths. The hope of mankind would seem to rest on this man's abandonment of naïveté. And at the end of his play, Ustinov optimistically has this happen.

When it does, he says, again through the character of the Rebel, "We've all changed our opinions, endlessly flexible, endlessly adapting ourselves to the moment. The Archbishop has pecked at all religions in turn, the General accepted whatever world he was born into without question, I opposed whoever was in power with a burning conviction. The soldier was the only constant factor from the beginning of time. Constant in his goodness, constant in his stupidity, constant in his obedience. Now he has taken the initiative. He is in charge. We are awaiting his decision, awaiting his orders."

THE playwright's contention is, of course, highly debatable, and his play's permanent impact will be measured by how much we are stimulated into debating this conclusion, plus a number of other sophisticated observations brought up and dropped along the way. For the rest of the discursive and unevenly amusing proceedings hold our attention primarily through director John Dexter's imaginative and disciplined use of the Vivian Beaumont Theater's open stage.

At last in this production director Dexter, designer Motley, lighting specialist Jules Fisher, and composer David Shire, have combined to use this theater effectively for the first time since it opened two years ago. They have done so by placing a wedge-shaped stage almost the width of the proscenium arch on top of the smaller thrust element, and by filling the entire proscenium opening with a curtained rear façade which permits easy exits and entrances. Thus, the audience is encouraged to play with them the imaginative game of creating everything out of the simplest possible variations within a prescribed area.

Since the play postulates a series of theatrical reincarnations that jump from period to period, soldiers can change uniforms simply by being tossed new helmets from the various exits, and by removing one cape to reveal another outfit underneath. And instead of seeming to be an awkward delay, these changes are in themselves a delightful part of the total game we are asked to play. All this prepares us for a magnificent moment near the end when the soldiers do an agonized mimed dance to create the horror of men being gassed. It is made more memorable by the accompanying genteel music which suggests the awful indifference of the public to such events, and by the *Guernica*-like frieze of the stiffened corpses.

Except for Bob Dishy who is hilarious as a Germanic Inventor who "walks his own rhythm" no matter what the century, the actors are more impressive in their teamwork than in their individual performances. Of course, it is difficult not to get cute when performing scenes that depend upon their sense of playfulness. Thus Howard Da Silva, as the Archbishop, seems to be forever underlining the hypocrisy of the church and gives us too little of the human being underneath the cloth. Brian Bedford is best when poking fun at a monarchial system which treasures the kingly stammer that comes from centuries of deliberate inbreeding. Marco St. John has a certain strength as he proclaims, "He will win who walks forward with the purity of his ideals in one hand and science in the other." Christopher Walken is all innocence as the Unknown Soldier, even though we are not convinced that his experiences are leading him to the eventual wisdom he is supposed to acquire.

Melissa C. Murphy as the Unknown Soldier's Wife achieves the evening's most touching moments. One is her simply poetic recitation of a speech in which she compares a loved woman with a perused book. Another is her refutation of her husband's argument that, just as there has to be a hangman, there has to be a soldier. She replies quietly, "The hangman comes home for supper." And Miss Murphy gets applause when she explains volunteering to die in her huband's place: "I want *him* to know what it's like to survive."

If ultimately the prolonged charade emerges as less emotionally effective than *Oh, What a Lovely War* or *Chips With Everything*, this is the price Ustinov pays for bombarding a less fixed target. And if its dialogue and its wit do not match that of the best writers in each of the seven epochs he invades, this is the price Ustinov pays for his eclecticism. Nevertheless, *The Unknown Soldier and His Wife* is a theatrical project that holds our interest and admiration at the same time that we recognize that it is too often falling short of sustainedly achieving its ambitious total purpose. —HENRY HEWES.

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Erotic Dances in the Starlight

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JOHN BUTLER creates some of the most beautiful and imaginative choreographic designs that you are likely to find in the theater of dance. The designs are almost always erotic, and they are always projected by dancing bodies of superb physical beauty. But as erotic as both the beings and the movements are, they are never offensive, for compassion, as well as passion, is to be found in Mr. Butler's choreographic explorations (and exposures) of the needs and the drives of the human, no matter what the era.

His lovely and disturbing choreographic images were on display recently in two performances for the 22nd annual festival at Caramoor, presented by the Walter and Lucie Rosen Foundation in the Venetian Pavilion of the vast Rosen estate in Katonah, New York. Eras were also on display, for the festival's dance presentations were not only all-Butler but also representative of poetic inspirations jumping from the poems of the Roman Catullus of B.C. to the lyrics of Pierre Louys, A.D. (1894).

First in dusk and then in starlight, the dancers and actors moved in and out of the columned archways of the pink-stoned pavilion. Choreography and setting were perfectly matched in these entrances and exits, for the arrivals and departures ranged from explosive thrusts forward through gentle lingerings to farewells one knew would be final.

The Louys piece, *Chansons de Bilitis* (twelve poems set to music of Debussy as completed by Pierre Boulez), had its American premiere at Caramoor in a version completely revised from that given at the Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto, Italy. Butler's new staging—and it is so glorious that one hopes he will never alter it—has Mildred Dunnock as Bilitis, Carmen de Lavallade as Bilitis Remembered, and Veronica Mlakar as The Beloved.

Everyone knows that Miss Dunnock is one of our great actresses. But did you know that she is also a dancer? Well, she not only spoke the Louys poems (in English translation) with a rich palette of tones and dramatic intensities, but she also moved with the eloquence of a dancer. This was not simply gestural dancing—although the actress did use her hands with the artistry of an accomplished mime—for her entire body moved with the dancer's flow.

Movement flow of unequalled beauty was present in the dancing of Miss de Lavallade. Here, indeed, is a creature of incredible grace and loveliness, and so effortless is her dancing that one is never aware of the technique which underlies it. She and Miss Dunnock performed Butler's steps, gestures, and patterns with such a remarkable joint intent that one was not actually aware of parallel portrayals but, rather, of a characterization of a single person in which presence and memory were inextricably entwined.

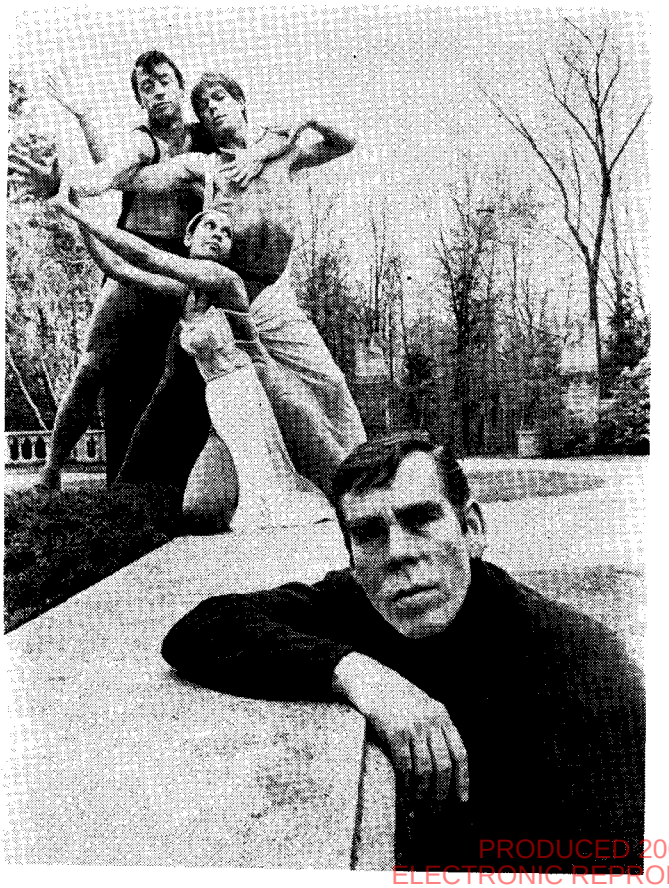
Miss Mlakar was less evanescent of motion. Her role called for full-bodiedness, for urgency, and she danced it brilliantly. The three mirrored in motion the "shake thy loins" instruction of the poet or the "clambering hands" he speaks of; and who would ever forget the soft touchings, the oh-so-tender embracings of Bilitis herself and Bilitis Remembered, as the older woman caressed her own memory and, in turn, was comforted by it.

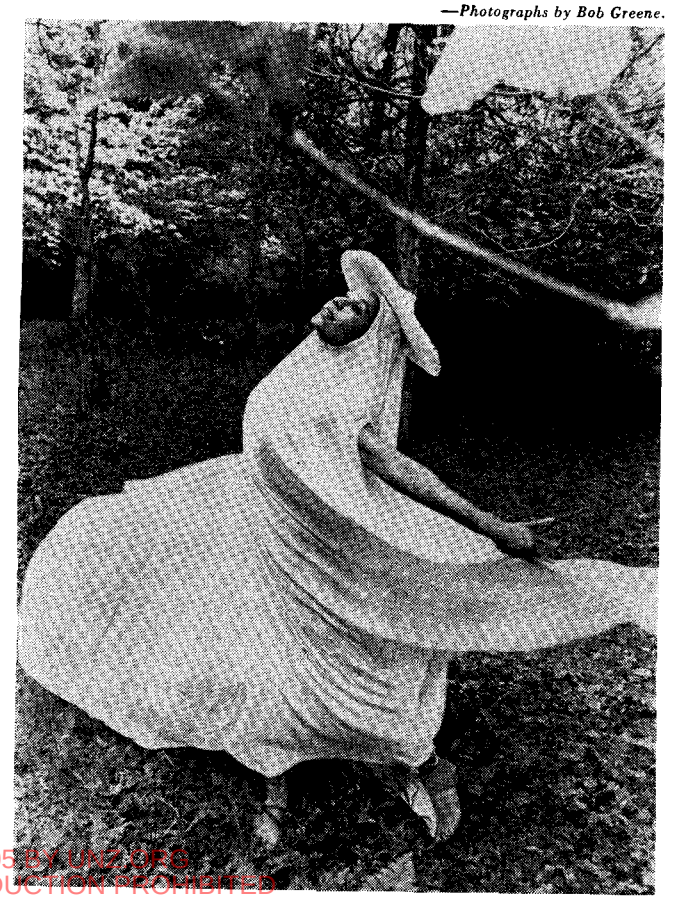
Butler's *Catulli Carmina* constituted the second half of this all-dance program at Caramoor. Eroticism of a different sort was the key as the dancers moved to the emotionally incendiary words of Catullus and to the drive, the cries, the insistently savage rhythms of Carl Orff. This stunning Butler creation has been seen only at Caramoor (where it had its premiere two years ago), but there is hope now that it will be seen soon in New York.

Julius Rudel, music director of Caramoor and the director of the New York City Opera, plans to bring *Catulli Car-*

(Left) John Butler and dancers in his *Catulli Carmina*—Buzz Miller, Robert Powell, Carmen de Lavallade. (Right) Miss de Lavallade.

—Photographs by Bob Greene.





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mina to the New York State Theater at Lincoln Center as soon as he can find a short opera to share the bill with it. The Butler-Orff *Carmina Burana* paired with the Stravinsky *Oedipus Rex* constitutes one of the New York City Opera's most popular programs. Rudel would like to do the two *Carminas* as a full program, but he notes that, as much as he loves ballet and as much as he has fostered its expansion under his direction, "I cannot offer an all-dance evening in an opera repertory." So only an operatic companion is needed to bring *Catulli Carmina* into the repertory of the New York City Opera.

And there is every reason to urge Rudel to get the *Catulli* onto Broadway. Butler's *Carmina Burana* is the best of the several productions I have seen, and the *Catulli Carmina* is equal to it in every respect, choreographic and erotic.

At Caramoor, Miss de Lavallade was the errant Lesbia, tempting and desirable but heartless, and Miss Mlakar was the angry but sexy Ipstilla. Robert Powell, who possesses the same magic of movement that Miss de Lavallade has as her special characteristic, was the restless, ardent Catullus, attracted by both the female and the male. He, too, moves with a disarming effortlessness, as if dancing were his natural way of motion, and in his scenes with Miss de Lavallade the dancing was pure poetry —carnal perhaps, but poetic. With Buzz Miller as Caelius, Powell danced with a fierceness contained in the pounding elements of the score and in Butler's use of anticipatory silences, and the two provided the viewers with a curious combination of lustful intent and the warrior's display of prowess and muscular brutality.

Constant dancegoers can almost—but not quite—predict that a new Butler ballet will pursue a pattern of eroticism. They would seem to be right, for his next work, a ballet just now being completed to music of Lee Hoiby for the Harkness Ballet, is called *Landscape for Lovers*. But the sure predictors had better take warning, for Butler says, "The artist finds his themes in the religious or in its opposite, the sensual. It is Apollo or Dionysus, for we ourselves are both. We need both sides of the being, but the choreographer, the artist, starts with whatever happens to be uppermost at the moment."

For the moment, it would seem that John Butler finds his choreographic stimulus in the sensual rather than in the religious (although he has created dances of religious content). But no matter. As his principal teacher and longtime colleague, Martha Graham, has said about certain of her own masterpieces based upon sensual responses, "Eroticism is a lovely thing."

—Walter Terry.

Latin America

Continued from page 23

Institute of Integral and Harmonic Development, the Paraguayan organizational wing of the party, was started by the Chilean big brother of this sort of undertaking, DESAL (the Center for Economic and Social Development of Latin America), and gets money from it. The man who runs DESAL, the Belgian-born Jesuit intellectual and organizer Father Roger Vekemans, is probably the most interesting man in the entire Catholic Left and very likely the most powerful. Tall, good-looking, and by anyone's account brilliant, he lacks neither confidence nor ideas. Son of a Marxist, he is famous in Santiago for his debate a few years ago on TV with a prominent Marxist; he won so decisively no Marxists will debate him, a development about which he feels sad. (The Marxists have also tried persistently to have him deported, so far with no luck.)

TYPICAL of Vekemans, when a visitor asked him one day if he was going to attend a meeting of American Catholics for aid to Latin America, he snorted, "Good grief, no. Every week I'm gone means a million dollars to me." There are those who consider him a Machiavellian Jesuit of the first order, though he hardly fits the image as he sits in his little office in Santiago smoking through a long cigarette holder and throwing his shaggy head back with glee as he discourses on the world about him.

But he is a very serious man. He came over in the mid-Fifties to start the Bellarmino Center, a center to help priests "analyze the signs of change and what the Christian answer to it is." It was enormously successful and enormously provocative; its studies provided the rationale for the Christian Democrats, and they wrote the bishops' letter calling for agrarian reform that sent the Right into spasms. Next he founded DESAL in order to organize something that is dogma to the Christian Democrats—the "intermediate groups," really pressure groups that now simply do not exist in Latin America and without which real and working democracies are impossible.

"In the classic Latin American society you have the dichotomy—the state and the atomized dust of man—and nothing in between," he says, "nothing between the state and the individual. The people take no real part in decisions. They are living in a formal democracy. We want them to live in a real, authentic democracy. What we want to do is to weave a new tissue of society, always from the bottom up."

Last year DESAL had some 1,400 projects spread across not only Chile but the rest of Latin America, and little DESALs started in such unlikely places as Santo Domingo. It had to its credit such projects as the highly successful peasant federation in Chile, to which American labor men point as one of the few real peasant organizations on the continent. Father Vekemans's budget income, meanwhile, had gone up to $80,000,000 a year, a large proportion of it from the West German Catholics through an episcopal organization called Miserior, which, though little known, is pouring money into Latin America, always for well-thought-out organizational purposes.

In countries not so far developed as Chile, the sociological part of the attack has not evolved to the action and organizational stage. In Brazil, run by the military, the research group called CERIS, with headquarters on a gorgeous hill with a spectacular view of Rio de Janeiro, carries on activities like selecting one town, Ponta Grossa, and studying the structure of the family. For Miserior, it is doing a study of how aid can best be used in the parched Northeast. But the studies are not merely exercises; they are knowledge for the time when. . . .

The third prong of the attack, the intellectual, differs from country to country. In Paraguay, it is carried on by a young "very post-conciliar" priest, Father Gilberto Gimenez, who edits an exciting weekly, *Comunidad*. In Chile, the catalyst is the Bellarmino's impressive publication, *Mensaje*, or Message. This branch of the attack twines in and out of the other two, publicizing them, criticizing them, providing ferment and rationale.

THE changes in the Catholic church—and the rise of the Catholic Left—really began after World War II. In part, they were due to the coming of the American Maryknoll priests, who had been thrown out of China when the Communists took power. "Maryknoll was the first foreign Catholic group to come down, and it opened the doors to others," said Father Joseph Michenfelder, the vigorous young American priest who runs the Catholic Information Center (responsible only to Rome) in Lima, Peru. "The hierarchies reacted to the 'invasion' of American priests who would change tradition. But Rome said, 'Go to Latin America.'"

The Maryknolls were not Leftists, they were just Americans. Across the Andes they built industries, cooperatives, radio schools; their open manners and equal treatment infuriated the aristocrats, and some local priests as well. One, Father Carlos Alvarez Calderon, a Peruvian aristocrat active in trade union organizing in Lima, voiced the Latin-spirituality-versus-American-technocracy belief that has historically been so prominent in Latin American life. "They [the American priests] can complicate more than

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they help," he said. "They close their theology books and become pagan technicians."

In the Fifties, the liberals within the Latin American church started coming to the fore. In 1955, Pope Pius XII invited all 540 Latin American bishops to gather in Rio on the occasion of the International Eucharistic Congress. From this, at the request of the bishops, came CELAM, or the Latin American Bishops' Conference, which went on to sponsor some very Leftist projects such as the Basic Education Movement in the Northeast of Brazil. This attempt to teach the poor to read and, by creation of certain materials, to make them conscious of their rights was later attacked by the military government that took over in 1964 as Communistic.

The 1955 meeting was followed by a meeting in Washington in 1959 of bishops from Latin America, Canada, and the United States. In all the meetings there was concern over the simple statistics of the case: one priest for every 5,700 persons. Then they had to deal with things like a church study showing Catholics falling away to the African cults. And how to modernize a church which in many countries is a major landholder. (In the Andes, for instance, Catholic hospitals and orphanages are supported by their own haciendas, with Indians tied to them as peons.)

As Leftist elements have begun to gain confidence in the last ten years that the dead church of Latin America can be brought to life, it is perhaps surprising that there has not been more fighting back from the conservative hierarchies—more Camilo Torres cases. There are some. The Maryknolls have been thrown out of Ecuador. Brazil, since 1964, has muted the cries of its Catholic revolutionaries. And the United States Government is not always friendly. Especially among older diplomats in Washington, there is known to be suspicion of the Christian Democrats. After the Dominican invasion, when the Christian Democrats universally condemned the American action, Washington attempted to get constraint put on the parties by pressuring the European Christian Democrats. "They told Washington they wouldn't do it and that it wouldn't work if they did," recalls one prominent Christian Democrat.

LARGELY, the Catholic Left is left to its own devices simply because there is such confusion within the church that no one really can say what the church's position is, or will be in five years. When the Left is questioned, it simply points to the Vatican Council's decrees and to the Pope's expanding social doctrine.

In some cases, Catholic elements are moving really far to the left—even to the Marxist Left. Before the Brazilian counterrevolution in 1964, there was a Catholic-Marxist student group, Acao Popular, which published a far Leftist magazine, *Brazil Urgente*. The CLASC (the Catholic trade unions) are fanatically, sometimes paranoically, anti-Yankee. Elements within the Christian Democrats in Chile are now seeking an alliance with the Communist party, which as a Soviet-line and not a Cuban-line party is actually quite moderate. There are even the cautious beginnings of a Marxist-Christian dialogue, so far hesitant.

From the Western point of view, the offensive of the Catholic Left may be the most significant development there for years to come, for it is based on the idea that Latin America is the most crucial area of the world for both the Catholic church and for Western civilization, since it is the one part of the underdeveloped, uncommitted world that is Western. Monsignor Luigi Ligutti, delegate of the Holy See to the Food and Agricultural Organization, has predicted that the leadership of civilization will pass to Latin America in a century or less. "There is the greatest potential, from a biological viewpoint, from a material viewpoint, from the viewpoint of Christian culture, that no other part of the world has possessed in like fashion so far," he has said.

The stakes are extraordinarily high because the Catholic Leftists are experimenting with nothing less than to see whether a real revolution in structure and mentality can be achieved peacefully and nonviolently.

"If we look at the history of Europe, the rupture with the old order was always violent," says L'Abbe François Houtart, who, as secretary-general of the International Federation of Catholic Institutes of Social and Socio-Religious Research, or FERES, in Belgium, is behind all the sociological research in Latin America. "Now we know more, we have longer experience. We are in a better position to do it in a peaceful way. But there must be structural changes. I think it can be done in Chile, but I am less sure about some of the other countries. It is theoretically possible to change society peacefully. I hope it is practically possible."

Answer to Wit Twister, page 34: sober, robes, bores.

Manner of Speaking

Continued from page 30

to kneel at the Pope's feet and beg to be restored to the sacraments.

Now and then a king has gone so far as to take the Pope prisoner and, thereby, to force his way into the official good graces of the church. A body of soldiery might, perhaps, be thought of as a picket line. Henry the not-so-lovely Eighth did renounce Rome in 1529 and Clement VII did get around to excommunicating him in 1533, but by that time Henry had his own church going and his reply, though it did involve some high-level sloganeering against the Vatican, can hardly be construed as picketing.

It remained for an American housewife to assert that picketing is an essentially religious ritual. I suspect she was only reminding us of what we had already come to know without knowing we knew it. So powerful a ritual has picketing become, in fact, that I no longer dare leave it entirely to those whose convictions outrun their information.

I propose, therefore, a counter ritual toward sanity, if only as a public reply to the Yeatsian indictment that "The best lack all conviction, while the worst/ Are full of passionate intensity." I propose a series of public demonstrations by those who have valuable doubts to defend. Only by taking to the picket line, I begin to believe, can the ranks of the unsure protect their certainly (well, probably) sacred right to remain uncertain.

What a glorious rally it would be whose placards read: WE SUGGEST DISPASSIONATE REFLECTION, or IS NOT FURTHER RESEARCH INDICATED? or IT IS CONFUSING, ISN'T IT? Toward a more positive assertion, some cards might read: HOORAY FOR WHATEVER THE TRUTH IS! or WE ARE DEFINITELY IN DOUBT! or THE RANKS OF THE UNCERTAIN NEED YOU! Overhead, meanwhile, I visualize banners that read: WELL, ON THE OTHER HAND . . . and I'M NOT SURE, BUT . . . and WE NEED TIME TO THINK IT OVER. While from the main flagpole, and just below the flag, the great slogan unfurls: I REALLY DON'T KNOW.

The lapel button, of course, would be a simple, gray "?"

And just imagine the fund-pitch letters:

DEAR THOUGHTFUL:
Would you be willing to think about sending something, a donation possibly, in support of, uh, well, general uncertainty, I guess.

To be signed:

Probably yours, and hopefully, but tentatively,

—JOHN CIARDI.

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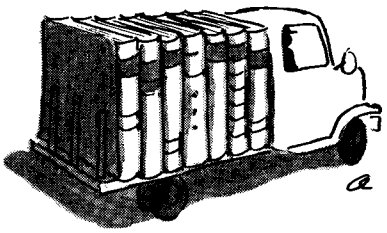
For Young People

Continued from page 43

sophisticated, and satirically funny. The employees of the Van Buren Museum of Art are nervously primed for a great occasion, the unveiling of a newly acquired Renoir, but when the curtains part (after being stuck) they are horrified to see that a vandal has scrawled "Vanitas" in bright lipstick on the canvas. The ensuing shock waves thoroughly shake up the museum personnel, and the abrasive effect on relationships is aggravated by the prying of an inept detective. Out pour the jealousies, the competition, the resentments, the complacencies. The press scolds, the mayor manipulates, and the power struggle among the museum officials is unmasked. A barbed and clever book. An adult book that young people will enjoy.

And Miles to Go. *By Linell Smith. Little, Brown.* 237 *pp.* $4.50. The biography of a horse is not a book in which one might expect to find an exciting war story, but there is one here: a true story that is occasionally sentimental and often quite touching. Witez II, an Arabian bay stallion who was foaled on a Polish stud farm just before the Second World War, was particularly loved by Stasik Kowalski and his twin sister, Stacia. When the Germans invaded Poland they took over the establishment, and Stasik worked for them while engaged in undercover operations. In helping her brother escape, Stacia was shot by the Germans. But, rather than see him killed, two German



veterinarians turned their beloved Witez over to the Americans. Later the horse was shipped to the United States, where he sired a number of prize-winning Arabians. For young adults.

Mr. and Mrs. Bo Jo Jones. *By Ann Head. Putnam.* 272 *pp.* $4.95. "I was sixteen and Bo Jo was seventeen when we got married. As the statistics say, most teen-agers who marry, marry because they have to." Bo Jo and July had to. Sick with shame, they married. Her parents tried to help smooth things over, but it was clear they were stricken; his parents were hostile, particularly because it meant giving up a college scholarship. Bo Jo didn't like the job July's father got him, and July hated being cooped up in an apartment. Both sets of parents seized the opportunity afforded by the premature baby's death to try to separate Bo Jo and July. But the couple decided they were married and were going to stay married; July went to work and Bo Jo to college. The slight sugaring at the close of the story is reminiscent of women's magazine formula fiction; nevertheless the problems are honestly stated, and the complications of parental manipulation, however well meant, are devastatingly real. For young adults.

Editorial

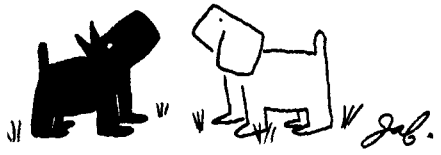
Continued from page 28

Adlai E. Stevenson III, Editor Erwin D. Canham of the *Christian Science Monitor,* and Charles P. Taft, brother of the late Senator Robert Taft. Despite the group's late start and sparse resources, already it has cut through innumerable emotional and misleading aspersions on the desirability and constitutionality of gun-traffic controls, at all governmental levels. For now, its leaders agree, the main battle must be in Washington, where strong legislation must be obtained to assure that present or future state and local laws are not circumvented by interstate movement of firearms by mail.

Firearms manufacturers and dealers are entitled to do legitimate business. Outdoorsmen—of whom this writer is one—are entitled to their sport. And society is entitled to the collective safeguard of the Second Amendment, which states, "A well-regulated Militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms shall not be infringed." But, as the President's Commission on Law Enforcement points out, the courts repeatedly have interpreted this to mean that the federal government must not intrude on state militias—not that individuals have a blank check to amass private arsenals, for whatever purpose.

"It is past time that we wipe this stain of violence from our land," Senator Robert Kennedy, brother of the slain President, said in Congressional testimony in support of firearms regulation. FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover agrees. "Those who claim that the availability of firearms is not a factor in murders in this country are not facing reality," he says. For all Americans who concur, now is the time to so inform Congress, and to persuade others to mount a campaign at all governmental levels until the national shame of our unregulated flood of firearms is ended.

—Alfred Balk.



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(Continued on page 54)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 53)

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C. Owns as true or pertinent.	107 54 4 84 155 100
D. Chaplain to Charles II, who early tried to win people away from Puritanism, etc.	195 96 39 89 169 83 28 175 16
E. Substance highly valuable in WORD J, which, injected into the body, unites with protein to form a specific antigen.	2 173 75 134 13 167
F. Institution for study of higher learning.	78 165 158 73 81 126 27
G. Amer. Indians formerly widely ranging, famous for a specially shrill yell.	79 109 14 144 49 157 136 104 45
H. Highly seasoned stew featuring pickled rabbit.	12 23 82 21 53 119 148 38 59 180 213 71
I. *Perforating; perplexing.*	140 197 90 184 64 204 121 111
J. See WORD E.	58 108 132 189 35 179 40 55 102 207
K. Person lacking in common sense.	85 44 212 143 201 70 178 47 186
L. Deviousness.	122 211 145 209 88 156 114 182 94 192
M. Disinclined to activity.	133 163 168 9 98 125 66 76
N. Even pieces of this are esteemed as treasure trove.	164 25 17 86 7
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Q. Space in the human larynx between the two true vocal-cords-plus-each-its-cartilage.	199 33 131 57 146 65 20
R. Self-centeredness.	115 128 18 37 185 105 152
S. Most abounding in such plants as cattails.	116 42 193 129 162 151 41 1
T. Anything consciously assumed, artificial, insincere.	170 51 181 67 203 149 208 154 31 15 177
U. Derived from hemp.	60 120 110 183 202 191 194 91
V. The beautiful, with implication of moral beauty as well.	30 48 26 113 171
W. One thing that one must have, to be able to enjoy even the most beautiful possession (3 wds.)	93 87 123 174 138 5 80 34 106
X. Production of eggs.	147 69 101 161 117 190 52 63 97
Y. He who, Tennyson said in the *Idylls*, "will be wiser by and by" (2 wds.)	99 112 176 198 36 24 72 124
Z. What Shelley, in summoning the Spirit of Night, described as *long and lone*.	50 61 172 206 139 103 210 11

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 S	2 E	3 O		4 C	5 W	6 B	7 N	8 O		9 M	10 B		11 Z
12 H	13 E		14 G	15 T	16 D	17 N	18 R	19 B	20 Q	21 H		22 B	23 H	24 Y	25 N	26 V	27 F
	28 D	29 P		30 V	31 T	32 P	33 Q	34 W	35 J	36 Y		37 R	38 H	39 D	40 J	41 S	
42 S	43 A		44 K	45 G		46 B	47 K		48 V	49 G	50 Z		51 T	52 X	53 H	54 C	
55 J	56 O	57 Q		58 J	59 H		60 U	61 Z	62 O	63 X	64 I	65 Q	66 M	67 T		68 B	69 X
70 K	71 H		72 Y	73 F	74 O	75 E	76 M	77 P		78 F		79 G	80 W	81 F	82 H	83 D	
84 C		85 K	86 N	87 W	88 L	89 D	90 I		91 U	92 B	93 W	94 L	95 A	96 D	97 X	98 M	99 Y
	100 C	101 X	102 J	103 Z	104 G	105 R	106 W		107 C		108 J	109 G	110 U	111 I	112 Y	113 V	114 L
115 R		116 S	117 X	118 B	119 H	120 U	121 I	122 L		123 W	124 Y	125 M		126 F	127 P	128 R	129 S
130 O		131 Q	132 J	133 M	134 E		135 A	136 G	137 P		138 W	139 Z	140 I	141 P	142 O		143 K
144 G	145 L	146 Q		147 X	148 H		149 T	150 A	151 S		152 R	153 B	154 T	155 C	156 L		157 G
158 F	159 B	160 O	161 X	162 S	163 M	164 N		165 F	166 A	167 E		168 M	169 D		170 T	171 V	172 Z
	173 E	174 W	175 D	176 Y	177 T	178 K		179 J	180 H		181 T	182 L	183 U	184 I	185 R	186 K	187 A
	188 P	189 J	190 X		191 U	192 L		193 S	194 U	195 D	196 P	197 I	198 Y	199 Q		200 P	201 K
202 U	203 T	204 I	205 O	206 Z	207 J		208 T	209 L		210 Z	211 L	212 K	213 H				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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*EAST COAST P.O.E. (SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST) FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY AND OTHER INFORMATION, WRITE: THE BRITISH MOTOR CORP./HAMBRO, INC., DEPT. R-13, 734 GRAND AVE., RIDGEFIELD, N.J.

An authentic GT from MG.
$3,095.*
Now start making comparisons.

Be the toughest comparison shopper who ever looked a sticker price in the face.

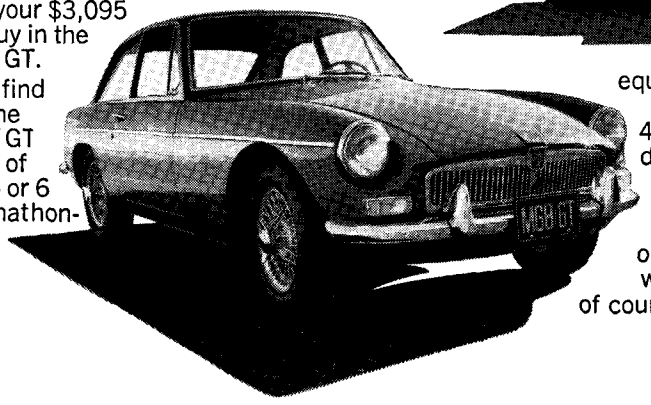
Check the price tags on authentic GT's. (You'll find they run $6,000, $9,000, and even up to $15,000.)

And, while you're out tire-kicking, check the prices of those average American cars that try to sound like authentic GT's by adding on a lot of extras at extra cost.

Do all that—and you'll really appreciate what your $3,095 can buy in the MGB/GT.

You'll find that the MGB/GT is one of only 5 or 6 cars that honestly meet the qualifications for an authentic GT. It's a high-performance, closed touring car that offers absolutely unqualified sports car handling and roadability. Plus comfort, amenities, and room for a load of luggage.

And look what you get as standard equipment: leather bucket seats, 4-speed gear box, dual carburetion, oil cooler, full instrumentation including tachometer, 60-spoke wire wheels, and, of course, disc brakes.



We're not saying there are no options for the MGB/GT. There are a few—like electric overdrive, air conditioner, radio, and heater. But the point is that you don't have to depend on the list of options to have yourself a car.

So go ahead and price-shop all you want. But don't stop there. Compare performances from the driver's seat. See if you can find anything that compares with the MGB/GT. At anything near $3,095.

MG AUSTIN HEALEY

MGB/GT: another action car from the sign of the Octagon.

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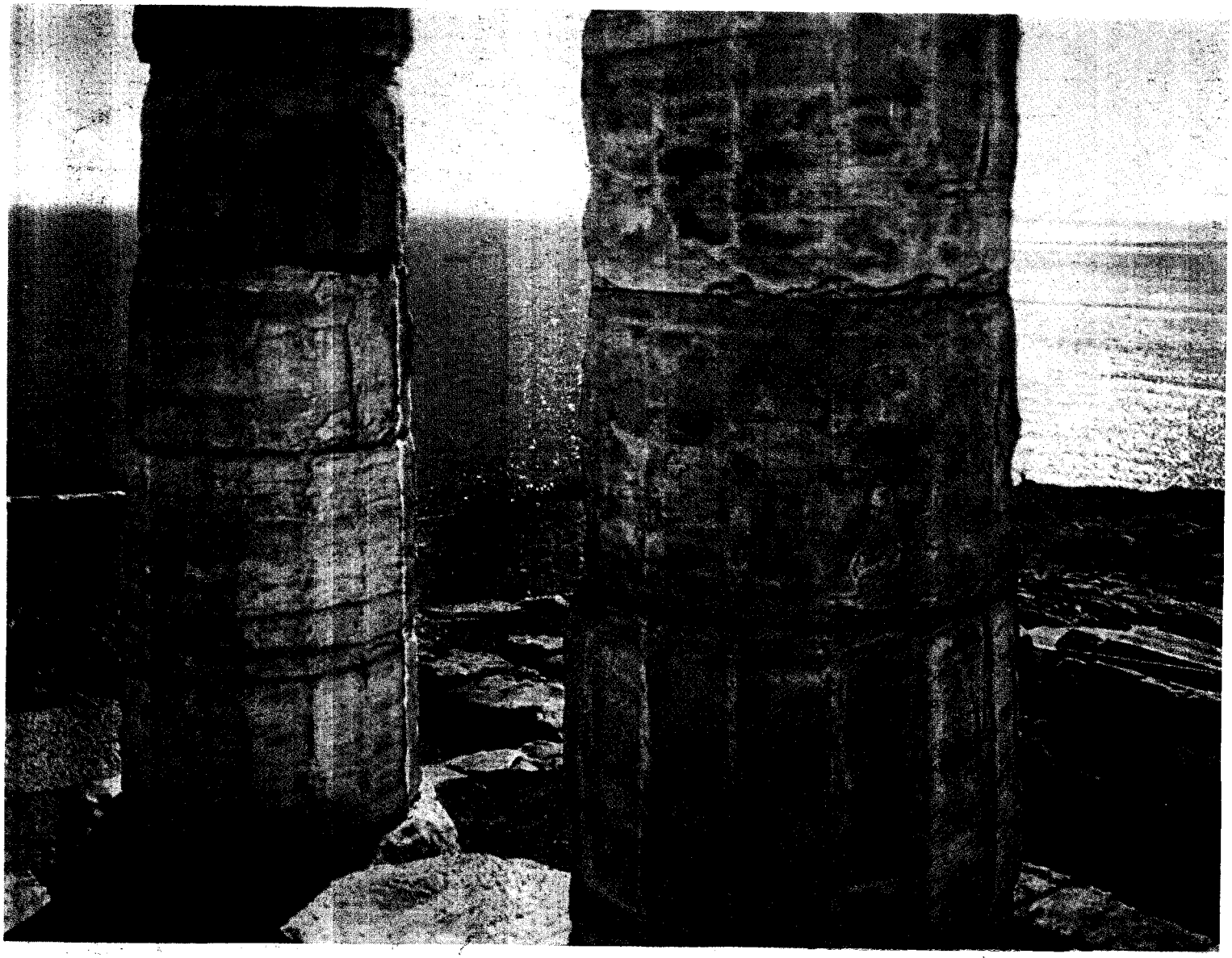
Months of Sun Days ahead...



September, October, November.

Greece knows the sun. Almost right through the year. September, October, November—all months of Sun Days. Just another thing that's different about Greece.

So *be* different. Holiday a little later this year. Have room to move. Room to relax. Room to drive. To sail. To live. Soak up the sun. Drink in the glorious past.

Sip ouzo at a friendly taverna. Follow the routes of legend, trace the birth of your civilization, drama, music, architecture, art.

There's so much to Greece. And it's all awaiting you. All you could wish for—under the sun.

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Greece has been selected by the American Society of Travel Agents (ASTA) as the site of their convention in October, 1967.

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